The Outlook

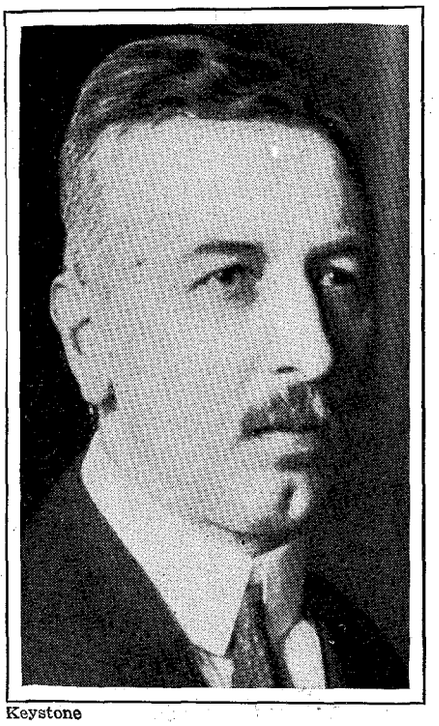
December 5, 1923

Our Old Friend Albert

AMERICANS whose memories are not short—and there are some such—will remember the German activities in America from 1914 to 1917. These activities included plottings to blow up property in this country and in Canada, the secret purchasing of magazines and newspapers through which German propaganda could be camouflaged, interference with production in American factories by calling strikes, and so on. At the head of this as working agent of the German Government was Dr. Albert. In the process he handled about four billion dollars. This is the man that President Ebert called to form a Ministry to succeed Stresemann's. It is fairly certain at this writing that he will not succeed in his attempt. But he has been asked.

Stresemann's fall was due to no fault of his or his Government as distinguished from any other chancellor or government pursuing the policy which has brought Germany to its present pass. Long before Cuno resigned every discerning observer of affairs in Europe knew that German so-called "passive resistance" must some time collapse, and Stresemann had the misfortune to be in office at the time when that collapse was due. Though he endured for some time after passive resistance was abandoned, he could not last long.

In the meantime France has been dealing with the real power in the Reich—the German industrialists. Under an agreement reached between the French Government and the industrialists, taxes and reparation payments, and the industry that is necessary to produce them, will be resumed. Prophets who have been telling France that she wouldn't get anything out of the Ruhr except hatred have not yet been vindicated. Moreover, there is no such German hatred for France as some people would have the world believe.



Keystone

Dr. Heinrich F. Albert, who was asked by President Ebert to become Chancellor of Germany

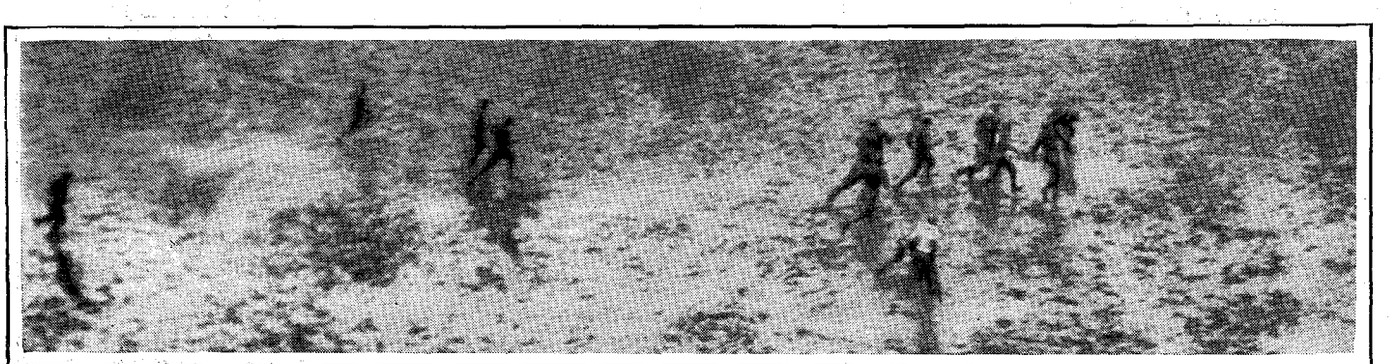
Poincaré in his arrangement with the Ruhr industrialists has agreed that the payments made by Germany shall not be used directly by the French Government to meet the cost of the occupation of the Ruhr, but that all such payments should be credited to Germany on the reparation account and that nothing shall be taken from the total of the collected taxes in the Ruhr for the payment of the cost of occupation without the consent of the Reparation Commission.

Football Passes

THE football season practically ends on Thanksgiving Day, and Thanksgiving occurs, by some strange mischance of fortune, between the day on which The Outlook goes to press and the day on which it reaches our readers. If we were in the habit of making prophecies, we might venture the assertion that it appears that Cornell will wind up its season with an unbroken record of victories. The final game between Cornell and Pennsylvania has, of late, been as sure a victory for Cornell as it was once for Pennsylvania. Thus does the balance of power shift.

Syracuse, with one of the best teams in the East, journeyed to Lincoln, Nebraska, and defeated its opponents by a score of 7 to 0. Nebraska, it will be recalled, is the team which, though its own record has not been unblemished, was the only team to defeat the powerful Notre Dame eleven. It has nothing to do with football, but we may say, parenthetically, that Syracuse, shortly after this feat, won the intercollegiate cross-country team championship, although individual honors went to a Johns Hopkins runner. Over 108 runners participated in the race, and fourteen colleges entered full teams.

The championship of the old Big Three in the East emphatically and decisively belongs to Yale. It might have belonged even more decisively to the



(C) Underwood

In a sea of mud—the Yale-Harvard game at Cambridge. A trying contest for both players and photographers

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rejuvenated bulldog if the game with Harvard had not been played in a sea of mud and a driving rain-storm, which handicapped Yale's fast backfield. A 13 to 0 score against Harvard was, however, enough of a meal to satisfy Yale for the time being after its long football fast. The Army and Navy, on the same day, and on a field less affected by the storm than the gridiron in the Harvard stadium, fought each other to a scoreless tie.

In the Middle West the final game of the Conference found Illinois and Michigan with clean slates. Illinois had five, and Michigan had four, victories without in either case the loss of a game.

Eliminating the Quack

THE recent revelations of medical diploma and licensure frauds in Missouri, Connecticut, and other States show how easily it is for the incompetent and impostors to use the practice of medicine as a cloak under which to delude the public. The exposure has disclosed that at least two "medical colleges" in the Middle West have been accepting students without even high school education, and turning out "graduates" with little or no class-room or laboratory work, at so much a head; that perhaps as many as 15,000 persons are practicing in the United States under bogus diplomas; and that many of these have settled in Connecticut, owing to the laxity of license laws and boards there. Vigorous action on the part of Governor Charles A. Templeton and an extraordinary grand jury as well as of officials in other States may be trusted to deal with the immediate situation.

On the negative side remedies for the present conditions resolve themselves into two. If medicine is to be respected as an essential art, competence for admission to it must be high and of a fair degree of uniformity the country over. Several States, among which is Connecticut, have "multiple" examining boards, the "eclectic," osteopathic, chiropractic, and other sects having control of candidates of their own faith and setting up their own standards. These have failed to protect the public. One competent, honest, and responsible board with power to examine all who aspire to practice the healing arts in any form is enough for any State. No man who does not know how to administer ether for a serious operation or who does not believe in the elementary principles of the prevention of typhoid fever or smallpox should be allowed to experiment on humanity. Further, the uniform requirements of the National Board of Medical Examiners should be extended to every State, by Federal action if necessary.

But the Connecticut scandals are symptoms of a deeper malady, affecting the whole philosophy of medical education. There is to-day a great outcry for "medical freedom," a sort of conscientious, sometimes religious, objection to modern bacteriology, pharmacology, and animal experimentation, which are the tested tools of scientific medicine. With the widespread idea that medicine is a kind of magic in which there are various schools or factions, it is not strange that a credulous laity in increasing numbers is seeking all manner of cure-alls. The remedy for this is a more effective education of the public to realize that medical science is in fact a science and to discriminate between science and pretense. The old-fashioned general practitioner, particularly in the rural districts, is dying out, displaced by the specialist attracted by the larger income and better facilities of urban practice. Medical training is a long, expensive process, requiring at best seven or eight years beyond high school. Finally, the trend of the times is definitely preventive. People are no longer content merely to be salvaged in emergencies. They want to be kept well the year around.

The State has a duty to establish scientific requirements for the practice of medicine and insist on them. We need more strategically located schools. How the cost of an adequate medical education can be reduced to fit the student who expects only a moderate income from a country practice it is hard to see. The problem is one not only of medical but of general education.

Tax Reduction and Politics

ENTHUSIASTIC approval continues to come from voters and leaders of the political parties for Secretary Mellon's proposal to reduce taxes instead of spending our prospective surplus for a bonus or perhaps letting Congress scatter it with the lavishness of a spendthrift who has unexpectedly come into a large fortune.

There is general agreement also that the plan should most of all relieve taxpayers of moderate or small taxable incomes, and that the proposal to release from income taxation salaries or wages earned by this class of taxpayers (say up to $3,000) is well worth consideration as a means to the general end. Finally, the public seems inclined to accept the soundness of the argument that the surtax should be fixed low enough to counteract the tendency of well-to-do taxpayers to invest their funds in tax-exempt securities or otherwise avoid paying heavy income taxes; for it is true, paradoxical though it seems, that the higher the surtax rate the less the total amount received.

It has been calculated on the basis of former income tax returns, classified by the size of the incomes, that Secretary Mellon's plan would give to taxpayers with an income of $10,000 or less seventy per cent of the proposed income tax reduction and would distribute the other thirty per cent among those with greater incomes. Only five per cent of the proposed reduction, it is calculated, would go to those who have an income of $100,000 or more a year.

Politically speaking, Secretary Mellon's proposal has been rather cautiously approved by Senator Watson, of Indiana, of the Senate Finance Committee, his intimation being that it would be best to find out first how the new Congress reacts to the proposal before pressing it, lest perchance the majority might destroy the old Income Tax Law and give us a worse one! The Democratic leaders seem eager to "get on the band wagon" so far as reduction of taxes goes, but some of them, like Mr. McAdoo and Senator Robinson (the Democratic leader in the Senate), cling to the idea that both bonus and tax reduction are feasible—to which Secretary Mellon retorts, in effect, "Show us!"

Secretary Mellon is a financier rather than a politician, but in this matter he has shown political acuteness in choosing exactly the right moment at which, in football parlance, to make a long run with the ball.

Impeached and Prosecuted

AS soon as ex-Governor John C. Walton, of Oklahoma, was ousted from his office by a more than two-thirds vote of the State Senate on charges of improper use of State money, abuse of the

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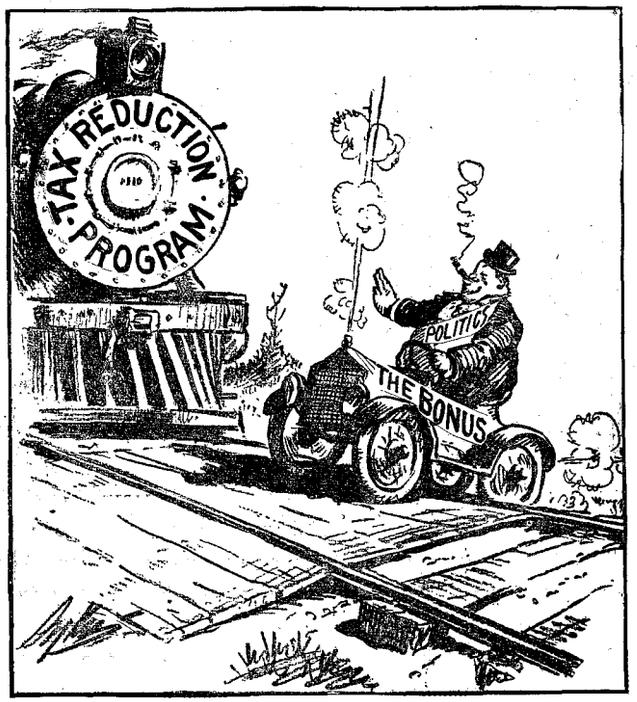
Know You of This Taxation?

(Henry VIII, Act I, Scene 2)

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger



"Back Up!"

From Anne S. Eissler, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

But it can't be done

From Marguerite Rockwell, Baltimore, Md.

Robinson in the New York Tribune

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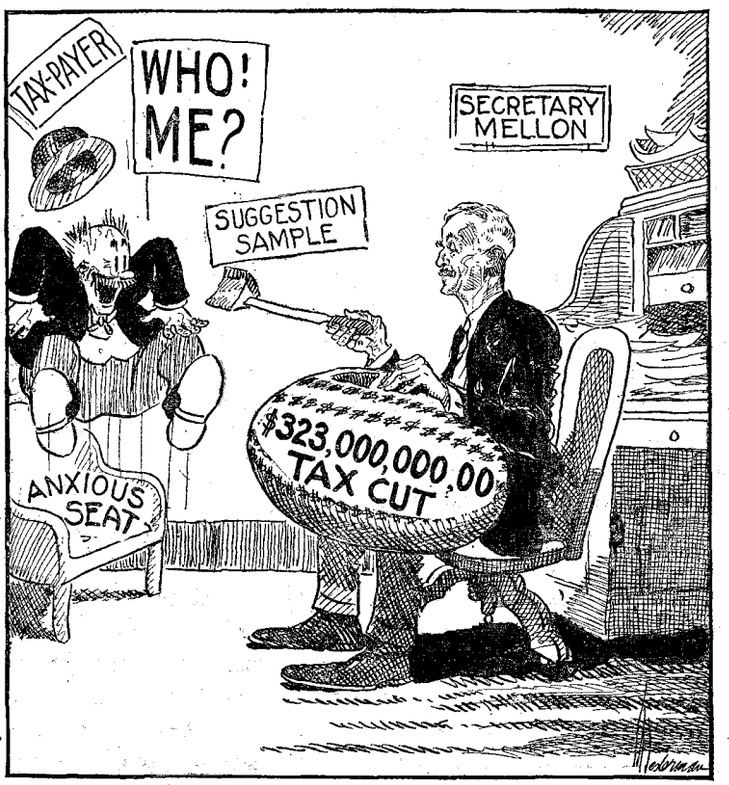
Merry Christmas!

Westerman in the Ohio State Journal



Mellon's Melon

From Romaine Jackson, Columbus, Ohio

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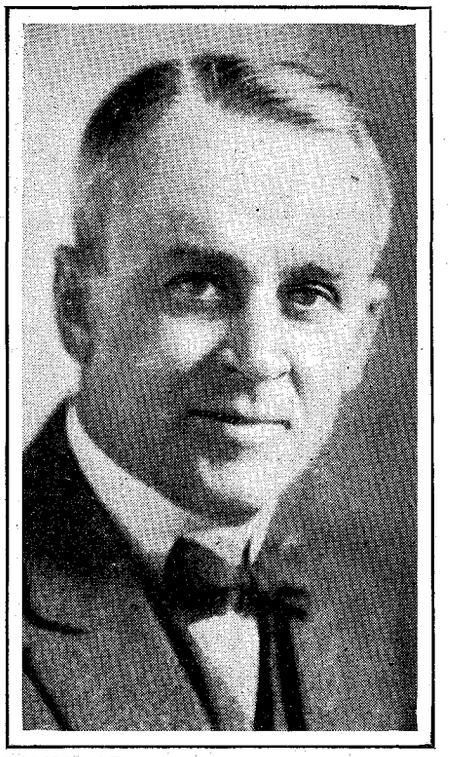
pardon power, and illegal suspension or abrogation of court and jury rights, he was indicted criminally by a grand jury, and will be tried in due course. Meanwhile Walton's attempt to get the impeachment overthrown by a United States court has failed. The Federal District Court denied without hesitation the claim of Walton's counsel that the matter came under Federal jurisdiction. Of course an appeal may be taken from this decision to the United States Supreme Court, but it is hard to believe that the right of a State Legislature to impeach and oust its own Governor under the provisions of its own Constitution is subject to Federal interposition.

The final action of the Oklahoma Legislature as to Ku Klux Klan restriction will be awaited as bearing upon the general hope that violence and threats of violence by a secret association will no more be tolerated in that State than were the illegal and tyrannical actions of the State's chief executive.

The Nobel Physics Prize

DR. ROBERT ANDREWS MILLIKAN, Director of the Norman Bridge Laboratory of Physics and Chairman of the Administrative Council of the California Institute of Technology, Pasadena, is the fourth American man of science to be awarded one of the Nobel prizes in physics, chemistry, or medicine. His forerunners were Professor Albert Michelson, of the University of Chicago, who won the physics prize in 1907; Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute, medicine, 1912; and Professor Theodore Richards, of Harvard, chemistry, 1914. This is all too meager a showing, however, when it is considered that England, Germany, France, and even the Netherlands, with much smaller populations, have each won from five to twenty of the Nobel scientific prizes.

Dr. Millikan's special eminence is as an exponent of the electron conception of physics, which in the past thirty years has revolutionized the theory and technique of the exact sciences. His contributions in this field have been scarcely less brilliant than those of the great galaxy of British physicists (Thomson, Soddy, Rutherford, and Bragg), or of the Dane, Niels Bohr, who recently lectured at Yale. Millikan, while not originating the electron theory, was the



Wide World Photos

Dr. R. A. Millikan, Nobel Prize winner, delver into the habits of the electron, and believer alike in science and religion

first to isolate, measure, and count electrons. He developed special apparatus for this purpose, and has also conducted important researches on the nature of ions, which are atoms in motion toward a positive or negative electric pole. He has recently greatly expanded our knowledge of radioactivity, declaring that all matter partakes in some degree of this property.

Significant, in view of the present clash between certain religious leaders and scientific findings, is Dr. Millikan's attitude. For years he was a trustee of a Chicago church, along with Breasted, the Egyptologist, and Chamberlain, the geologist. He has frequently written and spoken in vigorous affirmation that there is no conflict between science and religion when each is correctly understood.

A Billion Christmas Seals For Sale

THE extent to which the use of Christmas seals as "stickers" on letters at Christmas-time has grown is shown by the fact that this year a billion seals have been printed. The seal on a letter suggests two things—one that each stamp has by its sale already aided the constant and terrible fight against tuberculosis; the second the hope that all who see the stamps should further the war against the white plague.

The Outlook has naturally always felt a special interest in the use of the Christmas seal. The attention of Americans was first called to this kind of use of Christmas stamps in Denmark by Mr. Jacob Riis through an article in this periodical, and the first known use of the Christmas seal in this country was through Miss Emily P. Bissell, a contributor of The Outlook, who thus raised a thousand dollars to pay for the first tuberculosis sanitarium in Delaware. For about ten years the Christmas seals sale was carried on by the American Red Cross; since then the double-barred cross has been adopted as the specific symbol of the fight against tuberculosis by the National Tuberculosis Association.

Every year a new design for the Christmas seal is made. That which is seen this year was the work of Mr. Rudolph Ruzika, a Bohemian by birth, now an American and a designer of posters and symbols.

There were 107,000 deaths from tuberculosis in the United States in the year 1921, and it is estimated that altogether there were over 950,000 cases of the disease in that year. Progress has been made in teaching the right rules of health and the proper precautions that fortify against the disease, so that the situation is gradually but very slowly improving. Self-protection as well as sympathy with those afflicted demands the enlargement of every means of information for treatment at home as well as of public and private facilities for treatment in the sanitarium. As seen from the point of view of National economics and National health, there is perhaps no other field of effort in which universal effort everywhere is so much needed or may yield such positive results.

Japanese Gratitude

THE OUTLOOK mail for the past few weeks has been full of letters from Japan bearing witness to the gratitude of the Japanese for the help sent from America after the great earthquake which laid waste Tokyo and Yokohama The photograph of the Japanese farewell to the American Ambassador, Mr Woods, is a graphic illustration of the feeling which the Japanese people have made evident to us in a hundred ways Just before Ambassador Woods departed the press of Tokyo entertained him at a

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dinner, and, as we learn from the Tokyo "Nichinichi Shimbun," Mr. Hata, of the Asahi, said:

"The Japanese nation owes an eternal obligation to the United States. There is no way of ever repaying such help in the dire hour of need. However, to have the American people appreciate how much their sympathy has been engraved deep in the hearts of the nation, Japan should give up spending the stupendous amount of money she has been spending for national defenses and devote it to the restoration of the devastated regions."

In reply, Ambassador Woods rightly and truly said: "The Japanese people need not feel obliged to America for what she has done. It was extended because she knew that if the United States had suffered Japan would have done the same thing."

From three of the many letters which have reached us from our Japanese subscribers we quote paragraphs:

> It is impossible to exaggerate how deeply we have appreciated those spontaneous, efficient and liberal help from the United States, and in no time in the past, the ideals and sincerity of American spirit has been felt more keenly by the hearts of Japanese public. In this respect, I could safely say that the disaster, however dreadful and destructive it has been, has contributed more than the Washington Conference to bring the two nations on the both sides of the Pacific into a closer friendship.
>
> The sympathy shown to Japan by American people in this catastrophe has proved us that we had in America a true friend.
>
> I cannot let this opportunity pass without expressing the most heartfelt appreciation of the wonderful outpouring of sympathy and good will our present calamity has occasioned in the United States from all parts of the country and all classes of people. It is simply phenomenal. It has made an impression upon our minds as no other manifestation of sympathy from a foreign nation has ever done.

Another subscriber sends us a cartoon from a Japanese journal, with the following explanation:

> Gentleman—Mr. Woods smiling face.
>
> Decoration of thanks from the hearts of Japanese upon his breast.
>
> Japanese lady offering the decoration.

The Japanese characters on the cartoon read:

> Mr. Woods, please put on this memorial decoration upon your breast when you get home. We Japanese present this from our hearts.

We hasten to add that the subscriber supplied us with the translation of these characters.

A Japanese cartoonist pictures the feeling of Japan for Ambassador Woods

P. & A. Photos

Japanese giving an ovation to Cyrus E. Woods, American Ambassador to Japan, as he sails for home, to show their gratitude for American aid

An Assurance of Fame

USUALLY money tests are the poorest way by which to gauge imaginative values. Keats and Goldsmith received starvation prices for works of genius; Marie Corelli and Harold Bell Wright have reveled in huge royalties. Yet there is a sense in which sometimes "money talks." When hard-headed collectors pay big prices for the manuscripts of living authors, it indicates that these keen-witted investors know that the future fame of those authors is secure.

Just that is what happened at a recent sale of original manuscripts and first editions of works by Joseph Conrad in New York. The total realized was a little over $110,000—almost as much as the receipts of a big football game, but of course not comparable with a really important fistic combat.

It is stated that the only cases when prices for manuscripts by living authors have exceeded the sum paid the other day for a Conrad manuscript have been for particular single manuscripts of novels by Thomas Hardy and Rudyard Kipling; it would surely be hard to name a trio of living novelists more secure of continuing fame than Hardy, Kipling, and Conrad.

Apparently the Conrad sale was unique in the total sum realized for manuscripts and first editions of a living writer: One manuscript, "Victory," brought $8,100; "Under Western Skies," $6,900; "Chance," $6,600; "Almayer's Folly," $5,300; "The Nigger of the Narcissus," $4,500; and "Youth," $2,000—it is always a pleasure to The Outlook to recall the fact that "Youth" first appeared in America in The Outlook, as a serial.

Critics would not place the literary values of the Conrad novels in the exact order of the prices received. Collectors have queer ways of fixing relative values, and an auction often sees strange turns of rivalry and bidding.

That a writer not only living but in the full tide of productive energy should learn that the very paper on which his

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works were written (or typewritten?) should sell for many thousands of dollars is not without significance.

The Case of Comptroller Craig

CERTAINLY not for a long time has any judicial decision aroused such concern and so much resentment as that which will, unless a pardon intervenes, send Charles L. Craig, Comptroller of the City of New York, to jail.

Under ordinary circumstances such a case would not have aroused general public interest; but the circumstances were not ordinary. There are involved in the case, not merely a question of justice or injustice to an individual, but two public questions on which the people generally have strong feeling. One of these questions affects every one who goes back and forth to work on a street car, subway, or bus. The other question affects the relation between citizens and their public servants.

Four years ago Judge Mayer, of the United States District Court of the Southern District of New York, refused to comply with the request of the city of New York for the appointment of a co-receiver for one of the great transit lines. In this matter the question of maintaining a five-cent fare for the people of New York was involved as well as the question of the control of the city's transportation lines. When the request of the city was refused, Mr. Craig, the Comptroller, wrote a letter in which he not only criticised the Judge for his refusal, but stated as a fact that the Judge had prevented the city from getting the information needed. Not for the criticism, but for the misstatement of fact, Judge Mayer held Mr. Craig guilty of contempt. After fifteen months Judge Mayer, having given Mr. Craig an opportunity to retract, sentenced him to jail for sixty days.

Mr. Craig had two courses open to him for relief. One was to appeal on the merits of the case to three judges of the Circuit Court of Appeals. The other was to ask for a writ of habeas corpus on a question of jurisdiction. Mr. Craig decided to apply for the writ. He and his counsel thought that if they could secure that writ there would be no appeal from the decision and the Comptroller would be free. In this they were mistaken. The United States Supreme Court entertained the appeal and decided that the Judge who issued the writ had no right to do so. In addition, the Supreme Court has said that, since Comptroller Craig followed the course of applying for the writ, he could not now seek for any relief on the merits of the case. This is in accordance with the general principle that there must be some end to litigation.

Wide World Photos

Comptroller Charles L. Craig, who faces a sixty-day term in jail for contempt of court

Taking issue with the prevailing decision, Mr. Justice Holmes, of the United States Supreme Court, expressing an opinion in which Mr. Justice Brandeis concurs, states in effect that he thinks Mr. Craig not guilty of contempt because he did not do anything that tended to obstruct justice. He holds that the statute limits contempt to "the misbehavior of any person in their," the Court's, "presence, or so near thereto as to obstruct the administration of justice." The matter on which Mr. Craig made his criticism of the Court was no longer pending. But even if the matter was pending when Mr. Craig made his charge against the Judge, "how," asks Mr. Justice Holmes, "can it be pretended that the charge obstructed the administration of justice when the Judge seemingly was willing to condone it if the petitioner would retract?" There has thus been raised in a dramatic fashion the question whether a judge acting in a matter in which his own dignity is involved can condemn a man to prison for doing something which at the most offended the court's dignity, but did not prevent the execution of the court's decision or obstruct the operation of the court. When a Justice of the Supreme Court says, as Mr. Justice Holmes says, "Unless a judge while sitting can lay hold of any one who ventures to publish anything that tends to make him unpopular or to belittle him I cannot see what power Judge Mayer had to touch Mr. Craig," it is not surprising that the opinion has become fixed in many minds that Mr. Craig has become a martyr to public duty because he refuses to submit to the autocratic and arbitrary will of a single judge.

It is unfortunate that from a decision which is essentially technical there has arisen occasion for an agitation that has for its effect the creation of new distrust of the courts. It is unfortunate that in undertaking to uphold the dignity of a court a judge should have started an issue which is having the very opposite result. In this discussion most people seem to forget that the original offense was not against the person of the Judge but against the operation of the court, and that it consisted not in criticism but in a misstatement of fact. In this discussion people generally seem to forget also that the road to relief from the decision on its merits was not closed to Mr. Craig until he refused to take it. Mr. Craig evidently thought that he had good and sufficient reason for not taking it, but it was not because he lacked the opportunity to do so.

Mr. Craig may now be saved from going to jail by a Presidential pardon. Good sense, good politics, and good will are alike on the side of the granting of such a pardon, and it is not therefore unlikely that it will be issued soon, perhaps even before this issue of The Outlook reaches its readers.

This case makes, it seems to us, certain conclusions obvious. First, it seems obvious that judges should be very loth even to raise the question of contempt concerning acts not committed directly in the court's presence. Second, it seems obvious that decisions which rest on a purely technical basis, as the decision of the United States Supreme Court in this instance rests, arouse a distrust of the court which cannot be dissipated by any merely technical defense of it. That decision did not commend itself to two judges highly trained in the technique of the law. It is not surprising, then, that it does not commend itself with the great mass of people who believe that in this case an important matter of justice, of right and wrong, was involved. Third, it seems obvious that if the law is ambiguous concerning the jurisdiction of a

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judge in a case where a man's personal liberty is at the judge's disposal, Congress should amend the law to make it explicit.

A Stealer of Trash and Honor

Who steals my purse steals trash . . .
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

SHAKESPEARE may have been right, but Dr. Cook has had some evidence to the contrary. When he attempted to steal from Admiral Peary the honor of discovering the North Pole, he secured some temporary if transient honor, quite a little cash, and he also kept out of jail. When he tried to steal by a fraudulent promotion scheme the money of guileless investors, he landed in prison with a fourteen-year term to serve. Judge Killits, who passed sentence on Dr. Cook, delivered his opinion on this strange combination of vanity and mercenary crookedness in language which seems to have established a record for judicial indignation:

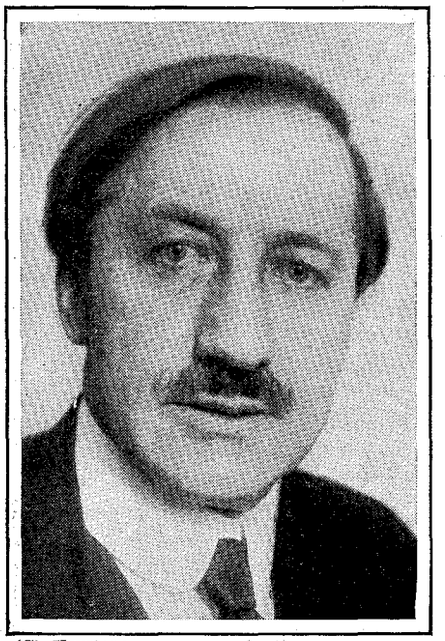
"Stand up, Cook. . . . You have come to the point where your peculiar personality fails you. The twentieth century should be proud of you. History gave us Ananias and Sapphira. They are forgotten, but we still have Dr. Cook.

"Cook, this deal of yours is so damnably rotten that it seems to me your attorneys must have been forced to hold their handkerchiefs to their noses to have represented you. It stinks to high heaven. You should not be allowed to run at large. I know that you have your ill-gotten goods put away, but your wife and daughter should not be allowed to touch them. . . .

"I am not going to do justice in this case, for I think that you will get it somewhere else. You ought to be paraded as a practical warning in every State where you have sold stock."

Even lawyers, who may question the manner in which Judge Killits imposed sentence, must certainly sympathize with his feelings.

The whole history of Dr. Cook affords an amazing and an absorbing chapter in the study of human psychology. Dr. Cook, when he came back from his venture near Mount McKinley, and when he returned from his more northern exploit, must have known that discovery of his



(C) Keystone

Dr. Frederick A. Cook, famous as a fake explorer, now convicted of fraud

fraudulent claim was as inevitable as the rising of the sun. The weight against this consideration was the hope of immediate financial gain and of international notoriety. A strange mind, indeed, which in the face of such facts could make the decision chosen by Dr. Cook!

Dr. Cook's return to America from the North divided the country into two camps. There was a creditable, if a too generous, willingness to give Dr. Cook every benefit of the doubt until he should have time to get his records into shape. For many weeks after his return, it will be remembered, the country received no more information than was contained in a superficially journalistic account of his trials and travels. Even from this incomplete information, however, the falsity of Cook's claims was evident. Practically the first and perhaps the best analysis of Dr. Cook's claims appeared in The Outlook from the skilled and experienced pen of George Kennan. Mr. Kennan took Cook's statements of the length of the time which he claimed to have been absent from a base of supplies, and his statement of the amount of food which he carried, and proved conclusively that Dr. Cook must have starved to death before he could have accomplished half of the journey over the Polar ice which he claimed to have completed.

Any study of the psychology of Dr. Cook's rascality would in no wise be complete without a study of the psychology of those who, contrary to all evidence, still maintained (and perhaps some still do maintain) the belief that this adventurer reached the Pole. Certainly the promoters of fraudulent oil stock who saw value in the name of Dr. Cook as an advertisement of their project must have placed a cynical reliance upon the power of the human mind to ignore reality. To pick as the head of a fraudulent project a man whose name was a byword and a hissing, and to find that this selection was justified by its power to draw money from credulous investors, must have made them feel that the limits of human credulity had never been plumbed. Ireland's forgery of a play of Shakespeare's, George Psalmanazar's description of the island of Formosa, which he had never visited, and the Count de Rougemont's vivid lies about the Great Barrier Reef of Australia were minor items in the book of human roguery when compared with the fabrications of Dr. Cook.

Among the great knaves of history, if that is any comfort to him, Dr. Cook has won a front place. His story will not soon be forgotten.

Some Notes on Foreign Affairs

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT
Contributing Editor of The Outlook

A GOOD many men who are not isolationists and who would be glad, if they could, to do something reasonable and effective to help Europe out of her slough of despond secretly wish, I imagine, that Senators Hiram Johnson and Medill McCormick would show them how they might avoid entanglements in the chaos and convulsions on the other side of the Atlantic and yet maintain their self-respect. The trouble is that the more the isolationist Senators talk, the more clear it becomes that we are already entangled. It grows daily more apparent that we must do something besides talking, and do it quickly, if we are to save ourselves, to say nothing of saving the people of Central and Eastern Europe, who are rapidly sinking deeper and deeper into the mire. The most serious obstacle in the way of an effective foreign policy is the great divergence of views as to what ought to be done. It is perfectly useless to hope

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for unity of action without unity of thought. I have been so confused and perplexed by the conflicting advice of trained and competent observers who have been to Europe and have come back with diametrically opposed diagnoses and cures for the trouble that I have sometimes been tempted to adopt as my "Desk Motto"—to use Christopher Morley's happy phrase—the quatrain written, I believe, by Charles Kingsley,

> Do the work that's nearest
> Though 'tis dull at whiles,
> Helping when you meet them
> Lame dogs over stiles,

and let it go at that. Unfortunately, this simple motto will hardly serve Secretaries of State, Prime Ministers, and Ambassadors. They are so constantly meeting with lame dogs that they have to prepare carefully beforehand and always carry about with them a kit for administering first aid.

The other evening I was a guest at a private dinner of about a dozen gentlemen in a New York club who had no special reason for meeting except pleasant friendship. When the coffee and cigars were served, the conversation naturally turned to the Franco-German situation in the Ruhr. One of the guests was a Government financier and an officer of one of the largest and most influential banks in the United States; another was the president of an important railway system; another was an executive of very large shipping interests; another was a distinguished manufacturer who has European connections and has been closely associated with the progress of American mechanical engineering; another was a prominent New York merchant who knows from practical experience the intricacies of imports and exports; another was a lawyer whose family name is well known in international matters. All had been ardent in their pro-Ally sympathies and activities during the World War.

The banker and the lawyer felt that Germany cannot pay the thirty-three billion dollars of reparations required from her, because, whatever may be her apparent domestic prosperity, she has nothing like that amount of movable wealth, and it is said that reparations, of course, can be paid only in movable wealth.

The railway president, on the other hand, who has just been in Germany and France, advocated the permanent occupation of the Ruhr district by the French and thought that, in order to avoid a repetition of the Alsace-Lorraine struggle, every German should be deported and the territory filled up with Frenchmen. When it was objected that the French birth rate would not permit of such a policy, he asserted that if the French were made secure against future German aggression their birth rate would increase by leaps and bounds; for, said he, the French are really the most fecund people in the world and their population has been restricted since the Franco-Prussian War chiefly by fear of the future. "You mean," commented one of the guests, "that they have been frightened into impotence." "Exactly," was the response.

The shipping master, although his financial relations are largely with the British, was strongly pro-French in his views and inclined to agree with the railway president.

Thus the conversation went on, frank but amicable. At the end of two hours we were apparently no "forrader." On rising from the table the host remarked: "Well, gentlemen, if twelve of us with many interests in common can't come to some agreement as to American foreign policy, how can we expect Cabinets at Washington to do much better?" This incident does not throw much light on the course which America should take with regard to Europe, but it does illuminate very distinctly the difficulties in the way of any Government which attempts to adopt a consistent and persistent plan of action.

It is announced that the Committee in charge of what is known as the Bok Peace Plan has been overwhelmed with the manuscripts of competitors for the prize of $100,000 which Mr. Edward Bok offered some months ago for the best plan to establish world peace. The prize is a sort of double-barreled one: $50,000 is to be paid for the scheme which is adjudged to be the best by the Committee, and $50,000 more will be forthcoming when it is adopted by the world or at least by enough nations to make it effective. No doubt Mr. Bok has achieved the purpose he had in mind when he made the offer. He has turned the attention of thousands of people to the problem of world peace who would otherwise have thought of it only in the vaguest fashion. But there is considerable skepticism as to whether he will ever be called upon for the second $50,000.

The great constructive advances of mankind in the upward struggle of civilization have not been made in response to prize offers. A friend of mine tells me that he had some thought of entering the prize contest, but was discouraged from the undertaking by a dream. He dreamed that he died and found himself in paradise. As he walked about inspecting that pleasant land he ran across an old man talking to a knot of auditors, and found that it was Moses complaining that no one had ever offered *him* one hundred thousand dollars for the Ten Commandments.

A little farther along he observed a group of very perfect knights in helmets and coats of mail. They were barons of Runnymede, and were discussing the reasons why none of them had received twenty thousand pounds for Magna Charta. They came to the conclusion that King John must have surreptitiously gotten the money. As he was not in paradise and as there was no means of communication with the lower regions, they were much annoyed that they could not tax him with this new evidence of his characteristic perfidy.

Still farther on was a gathering of men in Continental costume, who proved to be a number of signers of the Declaration of Independence. They were debating how they would have divided the money if Mr. Bok had happened to live in Philadelphia in 1776 instead of 1923. The oldest and most dignified of them, who had taken no part in the argument, which was growing a little acrimonious, brought the discussion to a close by saying: "Gentlemen, if our work on July 4, 1776, in Philadelphia had been measured by money, I think you will agree that the prize should have come to me. For in 1755, twenty years before our Declaration, I proposed a plan at Albany for a Federal Union of the Colonies. But I have never believed that prize money makes a good citizen, for, as Poor Richard says, *He that lives upon Hope will die fasting, and there are no Gains without Pains.*" The dreamer, being a journalist and familiar with the benign features of the great father of American journalism, did not need to be told that the speaker, for whom the debaters showed the utmost deference and respect, was Benjamin Franklin.

When my friend returned from his dream journey, or, in other words, when he woke up, he woke up to the fact that Leagues of Nations cannot be created by

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one mind or designed in the mere hope of pecuniary reward.

On August 6 last, at Lausanne, Switzerland, the United States negotiated a treaty with Turkey. The American Committee for the Independence of Armenia, under the leadership of ex-Ambassador Gerard, has prepared a protest against this treaty and proposes to send it to the United States Senate, urging that body to exercise its Constitutional right and annul the treaty by refusing to ratify it. The names of fifty or more distinguished Americans of various parties, creeds, and professions have already been appended to the protest.

The complete treaty has not yet been made public, but a synopsis of it has appeared which shows that under this proposed treaty we have not only abandoned our official promises of protection to the Armenians, but have surrendered the legitimate rights and interests of American citizens in Turkey. In making the protest the Committee believes that the inducement leading to this sacrifice of American rights and American ideals was the so-called Chester oil concession. I have been asked and am glad to join in this protest, and hope it will be effective.

I am opposed to this treaty between the United States and Turkey, however, not because it fails to protect the Armenians, not because it acquiesces in the abolition of the Capitulations which have for many years been the almost sole protection of American citizens in Turkey, not because it appears to be based upon property rights rather than human rights, but for a very much deeper reason.

For the five hundred years that Turkey has been a European Power she has been an obstructor and an enemy of civilization. Human progress has withered in every land her hand has touched. I am told that individual Turks are delightful. Perhaps they are. I am not sure but that in a social club I might prefer the companionship of Turkish gentlemen to that of Armenian patriots—but not in a democracy. Nothing in Turkey's course during the World War or since the World War has convinced me that her character has changed one iota since the days of Sobieski. One cannot make a treaty of general amity with such a people and maintain one's self-respect. Turkey outgeneraled us in the World War, and we said nothing; she has outgeneraled us since the World War, and we say nothing. It will be time enough to make treaties with her when she shows some definite desire to enter international and human relations totally and radically different from those she maintained in Hungary, the Balkan Peninsula, and Egypt until she was driven out by force.

I wish Secretary Hughes would say to Turkey what he has so effectively said in substance to Bolshevist Russia: We will not enter into any kind of government relationship with you until you show credible evidence of a decent respect to the opinions of mankind.

British Fiscal Policy at the Crossroads

Special Correspondence from England

By J. D. WHELPLEY

Author of "The Trade of the World"

THE war has done what the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and his faithful band of tariff reformers failed to do twenty years ago—it has converted the Conservative party to a policy of protection for British industry.

The tariff proposals made by Mr. Baldwin are of a purely business character. There is nothing in them to awaken any great enthusiasm or to make an appeal for emotional support. There is much in them, however, to suggest pessimism as to the immediate future of the foreign trade of the world, and possibly as to the future power of Great Britain in international affairs. It is impossible to escape the feeling that in a way it is an admission of defeat. For several generations in Great Britain it has been held as axiomatic in British industry, first, that foreign trade was the basis of all prosperity, and, second, that foreign trade was dependent upon cheap production, cheap food, and free trade.

Twenty years ago the British pound sterling was the standard measure for the money of the world, British foreign trade far exceeded that of any other country, the British deep-sea shipping industry was supreme, no other country had any undue advantage through the payment of labor in cheap money, and the landowning and industrial magnates of the country were in absolute control of the political situation. There was every reason then for Mr. Chamberlain being asked to give good reasons why the existing system should be changed for something else, necessarily experimental.

The conditions with which the country is now faced are in sharp contrast to those of twenty years ago. The pound sterling is no longer the money standard of the world; British foreign trade is considerably less in tonnage than it was ten years ago; British shipping is idle for want of cargoes; in Germany, France, Italy, and Belgium the cost of production by reason of cheapened money is so low as to bring goods of all descriptions to the English market at prices with which the British manufacturer cannot compete. That this is not merely a temporary state of affairs has become more evident with each passing day. That the so-called return to normal in the immediate future, so long expected and so long deferred, is an iridescent dream has been beaten in upon the British mind.

That the more radical element in politics is gaining strength as present conditions are prolonged is all too evident to the more conservative class. With unemployment maintaining a more or less stable figure of a million and a half of workers, business slack and getting slacker, foreign competition within the former strongholds of British industry becoming more serious every day, the British agricultural industry in the doldrums, it has become absolutely necessary that some form of constructive change should be proposed as a political plank to which the voters could cling in the confused and dangerous sea resulting from the waiting policy which has prevailed for so long.

No one factor has contributed more to the present depression in English industry than the rapidly increasing competitive power of France. With improved facilities, increased supplies of raw material, plentiful food, and labor paid for in money worth in the international ex-

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changes barely more than one-third of the same amount of English money, France has been able to invade the British home markets upon an extensive scale and with goods of the kind that Great Britain formerly sold to France. Almost the same can be said of Belgium on a lesser scale. German competition has played a smaller part than would seem probable, and the British manufacturers do not appear to believe that it is or can be made as devastating as that which France is now able to present and threatens to increase in the future, with conditions remaining as they are now.

Does this mean that Great Britain, the mother country of all the English-speaking nations, has run her course as the industrial leader in the trade of the world and is now compelled to erect artificial barriers against her competitors? Does it mean that perforce she is now content to be retired from the fighting line and rest upon her laurels, secure in the combined strength of herself and the children remaining under the family roof tree—the bond of empire? It is impossible not to suspect that these things may be so.

The English protectionists will claim that the foreign trade of Great Britain will not be interfered with, especially the very important brokerage or distributing trade, because of a system of rebates which will be provided for goods imported to be immediately exported. In any such system, however, a percentage of the duty paid remains as a charge upon the cost, and the machinery of this process is complicated and more or less expensive. It will be necessary for Great Britain to obtain reciprocity treaties with other countries to counteract these handicaps.

Mr. Lloyd George, with his usual opportunism and although a Liberal, introduced a certain element of protection into the laws of the country during and after the war as a matter of expediency.

The Labor party is opposed to protection and advocates in its stead a levy on capital and has thereby incurred the hostility of all conservative political elements and that of the industrial and financial interests.

The advent of Mr. Lloyd George into the situation is awaited with interest, for he is a clever campaigner and those who have been conducting burial services over his political remains are somewhat nervous as to what he may bring forth from his bag of tricks. Should the election result in a majority of Liberal and Labor members in Parliament, it is not impossible they might combine to defeat protection, notwithstanding the bitter antagonism between these two political elements. The Conservatives will need a clear working majority over all to carry their programme through without compromise.

The possible effect upon American foreign trade of the adoption by Great Britain of a system of protection for manufactures is a matter of considerable interest and importance. Manufactured goods from other parts of the British Empire will be given a considerable preference, and this will be of undoubted advantage to Canada. The bulk of the Dominion products imported consist of foodstuffs and raw materials, however, and upon these no preference will be possible under the plan as now proposed. A number of large American concerns have warehouses and distributing offices in England and a valuable trade is done in manufactures of iron and steel, to which class of goods it is intended to pay special attention in the proposed British tariff.

It is possible that the time will come when these American concerns will be compelled to build factories in England to take advantage of a protected market and stop exporting from the United States, as was done in Germany and France before the war. There are a number of lines of manufacture in the United States which would be affected more or less by the imposition of an English import duty, but, as already demonstrated in the case of American motor cars, an English duty has not stopped large importations from America in the cheaper grades, in which the American manufacturer gets the benefit of mass production. If England does adopt protection, there is no doubt but that the whole question of reciprocity will again come to the fore in all countries with a protective tariff, and if such were the case England for the first time in eighty years would be in a position to bargain for advantage.

Notes in the Rhineland

A German Watering-Place After the War—An Opera Ticket Incredibly Cheap—The Wiesbadeners and the Poilus—Hardships and Profiteers—Football in Coblenz—The Separatists' Hope for a New Republic—Difference of Opinion Between British and French—The German Appeal, Sincere and Insincere

Editorial Correspondence from Wiesbaden and Coblenz

By Elbert Francis Baldwin

To my question, "How much to the hotel?" the chauffeur replied, "Two and a half billion marks."

My head swam.

Only last winter in the Ruhr to estimate prices in paper marks I multiplied by hundreds and thousands. This autumn at Wiesbaden I have had to multiply by millions and billions.

My last visit here was before the war. In some respects the place has changed little. In the Kurgarten, and in the hotel and on the street as well, one sees the accustomed pilgrims—Germans, French, English, Americans, Spaniards, Dutch—a presentable lot, most of them seeking relief from rheumatism. As always, the season lasts the entire year, thanks to the mild climate. The Taunus Range protects Wiesbaden from the raw, cold north and east winds. The grass is as brilliant as in spring, and the majestic sycamores in the Kurgarten are still clothed with an unfaded summer garb. Under these trees, across the way from this hotel, is a cab-stand. It is rather restful in this day of motoring to find again the same old-fashioned, comfortable victorias. The horses get restive and clank their hoofs against the pavement just as they did when I first came here thirty-four years ago.

Quiet as it is, Wiesbaden has the appurtenances of a capital. Though it no longer enjoys Imperial aid and patronage, the music here, superbly maintained by the state and city governments, is as fine as ever. In an absurdly low priced orchestra stall in the most beautiful and monumental concert hall in Europe, that of the Kurhaus, I heard Haydn's "Crea-

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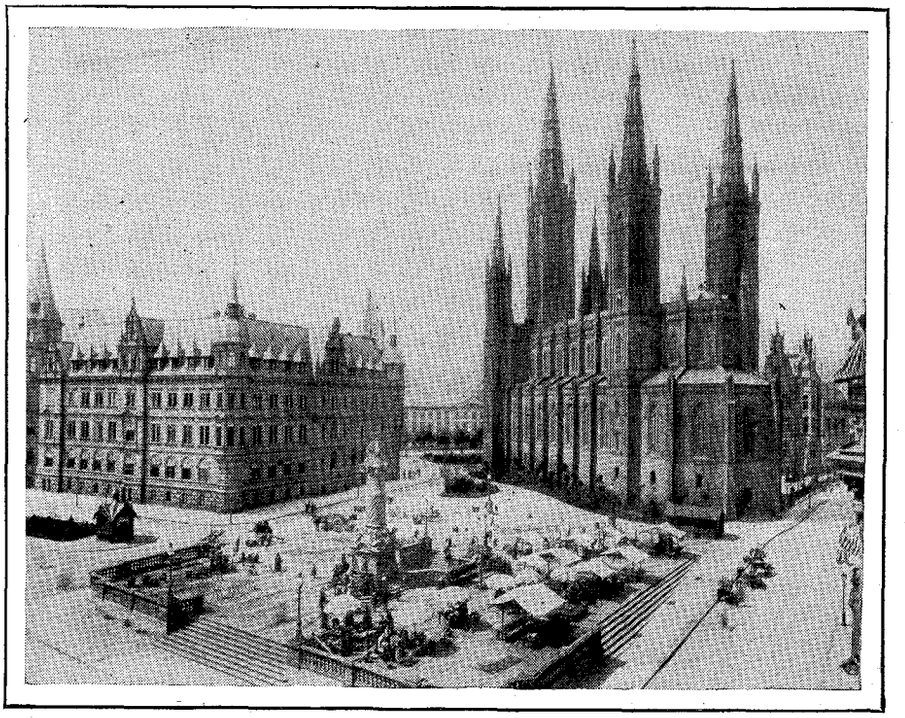
tion" given with full chorus, and never did I enjoy oratorio more. About twice a week there is a symphony concert, and twice daily some worth-while popular concert. There is frequent opportunity to hear chamber music. At the Staatstheater an opera or play is given every evening. I went the other night. The opera began at seven, and we were out at half-past nine—a sensible hour for a watering-place. The performance was capital. The audience, filling the place to the doors, seemed intelligent, appreciative folk. A friend took a season ticket out of his pocket and told me what it had cost him. I thought my orchestra stall incredibly cheap; but when I heard what is charged by the quarter year I certainly agreed with the happy owner of the season ticket that it was "the cheapest thing in Germany."



The market-place of Wiesbaden, once one of the most fashionable and popular summer resorts of Europe. The Markt-Kirche (Protestant) at the right, the Town Hall at the left

THE town has grown. In spite of the fact that many families have moved to south Germany so as to avoid the sight of the foreign troops, Wiesbaden has now a population of over a hundred thousand. On the other hand, the number of cure guests is less than half of that customary before the war.

The most striking change here is the absence of German and the presence of French soldiers. Nevertheless I have seen relatively few French *poilus*. The barracks are outside the town. A regiment formerly here has been transferred to Düsseldorf. With the preservation of municipal order the *poilus* have nothing to do; only in case of serious menace or rioting may they interfere. One hears some nasty stories of the earlier period of occupation, chiefly concerning deeds of troops from Africa; but the sum of these deeds, I fancy, does not equal what the Boches did in Belgium in just one hour. As far as I have seen, the demeanor of the *poilus*, like that of the German city police, has been unexceptionally admirable.

Of course for the self-respecting Wiesbadeners it is mortifying to realize that their homes are in possession of a foreign army. It will be a long time before this part of the Rhine becomes again *"ein deutscher Strom."*

SOME days ago I noticed by a sign in a bank window that the franc was quoted at 370,000,000 marks. A third of a mile farther I noticed that it was shot up to exactly 470,000,000. Large crowds formed before the banks and money-exchange offices, the densest crowd pressing into the bank that had exhibited the highest quotation. One morning I ordered an opera libretto, not in stock, to be delivered two hours later. The price was to be 250,000,000 marks. When it arrived, two hours later, it could not be delivered for less than 300,000,000. So quickly change the prices here.

City authorities give a quarter of the former light to the streets, because the price of coal forbids anything better. Shops often attractive and elegant suffer from inadequate supplies. Because of this lack one often sees the sign, "Open only 10–12 and 3–4."

Many beer halls, wine rooms, and cigar shops seem to have vanished, while the number of banks and auction rooms seems to have increased. Said a Wiesbadener to me: "Before the war I drank my beer or wine and smoked four or five cigars a day. But not now. I cannot afford it. Just notice—you will see few people smoking." It is so. In an hour's stroll after I left him I did not detect one smoker.

"Instead of buying new clothes," said a friend to me, "we have been selling our extra and our best clothes. For years every Sunday I was in the habit of cycling in the Taunus. Now I go afoot. I have worn out the soles of my shoes and have not had enough money to buy new ones. I still go to the Taunus, but now the roads must be dry. Bread costs six times as much as before the war; vegetables, eight to ten times more; butter and cheese, ten to thirty times more; eggs, fifty times more; meat, a hundred times more. The bitterest need is in our middle class, the very skilled workers, the professional classes—doctors, lawyers, teachers—especially those who have not the sheet anchor of assured work. What a contrast between them and the profiteers, bloodsuckers, who have grown incredibly rich, continually increasing their possessions, while, alongside, the suffering majority knows not how it can still its hunger!"

On the streets there is little evidence of poverty and none of beggary. The city government is doing all possible to help.

The Wiesbaden streets are clean morally as well as physically; but you need to live with a German family to appreciate certain other things in the domain of manners and morals.

"During the war and since," said a German to me, "the care of our children has suffered—chiefly from the lack of a firm paternal hand. In the absence of the father the mother of the family has frequently to seek employment. Often too she has had to do this when the husband was spared to her, so hard have been the times. The eldest of the children have had to go to work. Parental interest has been replaced by love of gain. The influences of war times and foreign occupation have also been demoralizing in other directions."

Germany has lost more than a mere war.

INTENDING Rhine tourists, please note that the end of autumn is a good time to see the river. The vineyards are yellow and russeting. The hilly shores have the richness of stained glass. Against them stand out more sharply than ever the picturesque outlines of many castles.

Coblenz lies midway between northern

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and southern Rhineland. That doubtless is the chief reason why it was chosen by the Separatists as the capital of their new republic.

ARRIVING in Coblenz, I looked for signs of the new Rhenish army; but I saw only a few mild-looking policemen ordering the traffic in the streets, a few inoffensive-looking French soldiers guarding the palace and park, and finally a robust British Tommy violently marching up and down and changing his gun's position in front of the residence of Lord Kilmarnock, British member of the Inter-Allied Rhineland Commission.

In the large open space in front of the palace and park on the town side some boys are playing football just as if no change had occurred behind the classic façade of the fine old structure. In the streets and squares are plenty of good-looking folk. None seem underfed. None seem over-anxious, as in the Rhine region I have just left. The whole town seems really to have the dignity and the activity of a capital.

In the process of its becoming such each day for some time the old palace has witnessed a different scene. One day the Separatists rushed the place. The next day the Nationalists regained it, only to lose it once more. And so on. And so on.

Most of the Rhineland population, so the Separatists claim, is really with them.

The British are against Separatist independence for three reasons. They contend:

First, that respect for the Versailles Treaty means preserving the *status quo;*

Second, that independence would only delay reparation payments;

Third, that, anyway, independence "hasn't a real leg to stand on, only a French artificial one." For example, the French, so the British assert, did not at first allow the German constituted authorities (of course in the occupied regions of Germany the French, Belgians, and British are in respective supreme control, but the subordinate services go on as usual) to maintain order when the Separatists attacked public buildings. In some cases, the British allege, German municipal officials were expelled from the region, and the police were disarmed and ordered to remain in the barracks; thus the police were rendered impotent while bands of armed Separatists marched openly through the streets, took over public edifices, and overturned the existing government. All this, add the British, is incompatible both with the Treaty and with the Inter-Allied Rhineland Commission's ordinances.

There is a fourth reason, I learn from some cynical Separatists. In case of complete Rhineland independence, Britain would no longer control, as she does now, a great trading center, the most important of the ports on the Rhine, an outlying commercial Gibraltar—Cologne.

To each of the British points the French reply.

They deny that the Versailles Treaty prevents non-dictatorial internal changes of government, which, they now say, is all that can be expected here.

The French declare that the establishment of Rhenish autonomy would diminish the militant Prussia that dreams only of revenge, and would leave intact the Rhineland that can and wants to pay. To this some Separatists naïvely add that they will pay England her proportion of the reparations debt first, "so that British occupied territory shall be evacuated first."

To the charges of violations of neutrality the French are content to reply by entering a general denial, pointing out that "M. Poincaré issued strict neutrality orders." Doubtless; but were they impartially obeyed? While I have seen nothing along the Rhine to indicate other than a desire by the occupying authorities to keep order and to keep out of internal affairs, I have heard conflicting testimony. Anyway, a soft pedal has been put on the pro-liberation and benevolent-neutrality tone of the Belgian and French papers. The Belgians have expelled especially obstreperous Separatists from Aachen and Crefeld, and the French have expelled Separatists from Mayence and Bonn.

THERE is abundant reason for a Rhineland, separate from Prussia, within the German realm; but there is little reason for an independent state. This is being borne in upon some formerly extreme Separatists. They are now taking a middle course. They are proposing a state to be neither independent nor dependent, but, while adhering to Germany, to have its separate customs and currency and, in some respects, to be subject to the Inter-Allied Rhineland Commission.

In the suggestion of this hodgepodge the Berlin Government sees an open door of hope. It has already seen Bavaria splitting into two kinds of militarism—one led by the Catholics, under the dictator, Herr von Kahr, with Crown Prince Rupprecht in the background; the other led by the popular leader Herr Hitler with the Protestant General Ludendorff very much in the foreground. So here also in the Rhineland, Berlin sees two kinds of Separatist independence. In both regions, therefore, Bavaria and the Rhineland, Berlin expects ultimately to triumph by division.

Be this as it may, in the end a reasonable autonomy should be set up here and a chance given for Rhenish democracy and elasticity to be freed from Prussian aristocracy and rigidity. With some of the present youthful and dubious elements eliminated, such a state would commend itself to the classes now holding aloof—many conservative officials and practically all the shopkeepers, manufacturers, bankers, and landlords.

THE Rhine Republic has promised two things—the maintenance of the eight-hour day to workmen and cheaper bread to all. Kahr has lost ground in Bavaria because he did not make good his promise to get the people cheaper beer. Mathes and Dorten will lose ground here unless they make good their promises. What can they do? The workmen are in the hands of the great employers, and these employers, with inevitable reparation payments now in sight, coolly and brutally propose to shift the burden, which they are quite able to bear, to the shoulders of labor. Some employers have actually issued the ultimatum of a ten-hour day, with proportionate *reduction* in pay or dismissal. And this from men who have grown rich out of their country's misfortune. They have held their country's Government by the throat, and they are now so holding their own workmen. The employers are rich enough to retire from the field altogether and let the workless workmen starve!

Mathes and Dorten will also lose ground unless they make good their cheaper bread promise.

In America wheat is rotting; in Germany people are starving. Men ask: "Why should not America start relief operations here, as it did in Russia, in each case independently of the Government?" But the cases are different.

There is need here, but it is far from being the Russian famine need.

Second, the Russian farmers were stricken; here the greedy farmers, middlemen, and great landowners are hoarding their foodstuffs, expecting the Americans to enable them to keep their produce for higher prices.

Third, there is money for commerce; and why not for food? Germany is again the largest importer of copper and cotton, and her Suez Canal shipping has shot far ahead of the French.

The German appeal for food, coming from the suffering non-governing classes, is sincere and to be heeded; coming from the others, it is but the expression of an unrepentant, fraudulent, hypocritical, and impudent Germany. It is mere official propaganda for political ends. It means dust in our eyes.

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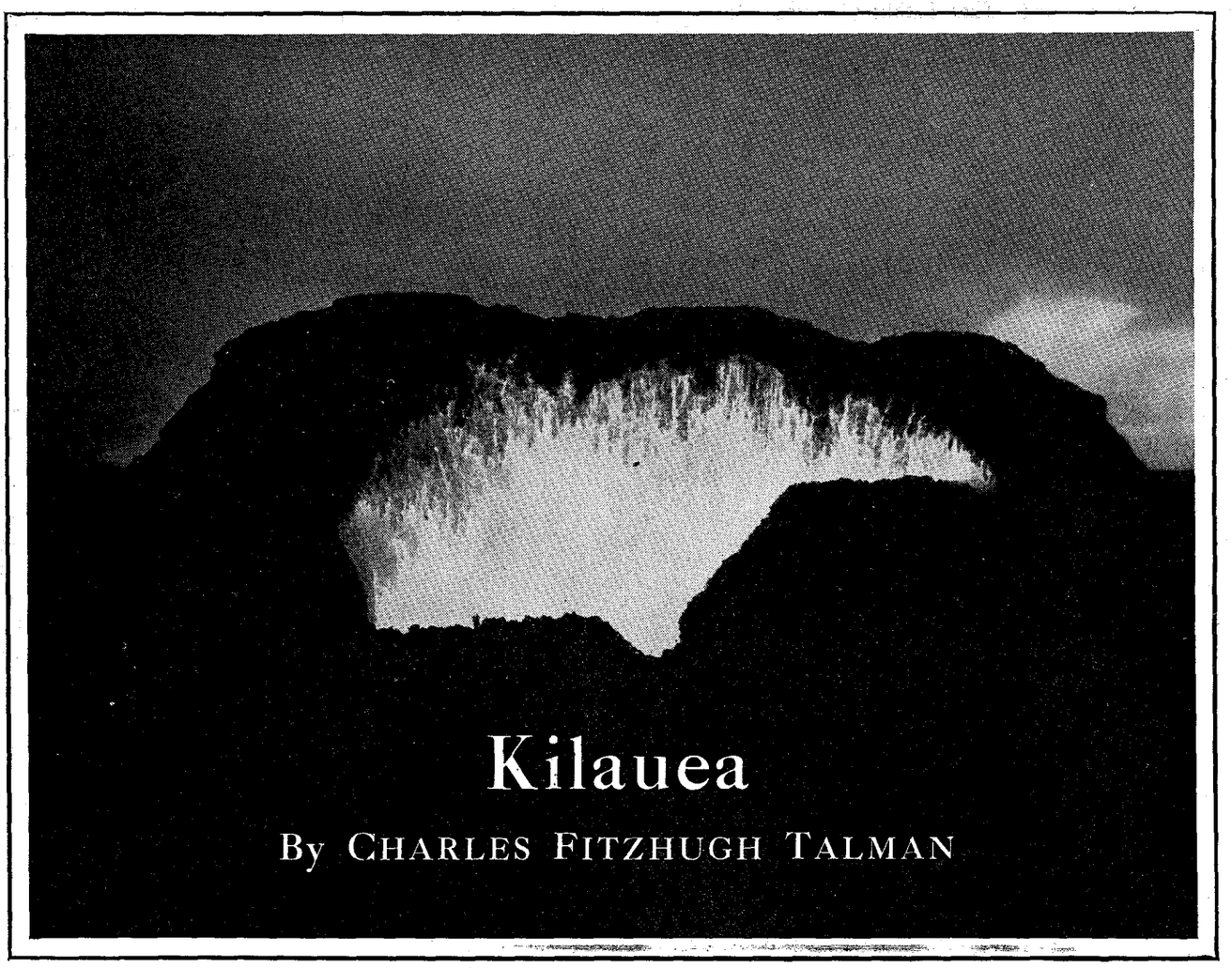

Kilauea

By CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

One of the vents of the lava flow of March, 1921, after subsidence of the lava. The oven-like opening in the cone is hung with glowing stalactites

THERE are plenty of places on Kilauea where one would not be surprised to behold the sign: *Per mi si va nella città dolente*. Only of course it would be in Hawaiian instead of Italian. Dr. Thomas Jaggar photographed one of these portals of the nether world on April 4, 1921, and we present his picture at the top of this page.

Here we have a dome-shaped vent through which, a few days before, had spouted a vast fountain of lava. At first glance one is likely to misinterpret this picture. The appearance of shooting tongues of flame is deceptive, being due to hundreds of incandescent stalactites which fringe the orifice. The inner wall of the dome is still white-hot, but the lava itself is boiling far below, out of range of the camera. The picture was taken at a distance of only thirty feet. Close-range photography fraught with perilous possibilities is part of the routine business of the Kilauean volcanologists, who have taken pictures of every important event in the life of the volcano during the past eleven years. Recourse is had to telephotography when necessary.

The topography of the volcano is illustrated in the picture at the top of the next page, which shows part of the remarkable Curtis model in the Harvard University Museum. The model was given to the museum by Curator R. W. Sayles, and represents four years of labor on the part of the artist, G. C. Curtis, three months of which were spent in field work in Hawaii. Many details were obtained from kite photographs taken by J. F. Haworth. Here we see the main crater, eight miles in circumference, and near the upper left-hand corner of the picture the famous fire pit of Halemaumau. The latter is the chief center of interest on Kilauea. The pit contains a lake of lava, which undergoes incessant changes of level. Sometimes it sinks a thousand feet below the brim, and on rare occasions it has drained completely away into the bowels of the earth, leaving a bare shaft. At other times, as in the spring of 1921, the lava rises clear to the top of the pit and overflows into the main crater.

As a rule the lake is partly crusted over, with intervening pools of molten fiery lava over which play numerous fountains like the one seen in the picture at the top of the second page following. On the unsteadfast footing thus afforded the volcanologists make frequent explorations of the pit, taking photographs, measuring the temperature of the lava, and collecting samples of gases for subsequent analysis in the laboratory. Lava hot enough to scorch boot soles is preferred to the cooler and more brittle crust, which may cave beneath one's feet. A special providence watches over the staff of the Hawaiian Volcano Observatory.

The observatory is situated on the edge of the main crater, just above the series of terraces which we see near the upper right-hand corner of the picture showing the model. It is close to a big tourist hotel, so the staff does not lack for society. Formerly an unofficial enterprise, the scientific work at Kilauea is now under the control of the United States Weather Bureau. Our remaining pictures illustrate two details of this work.

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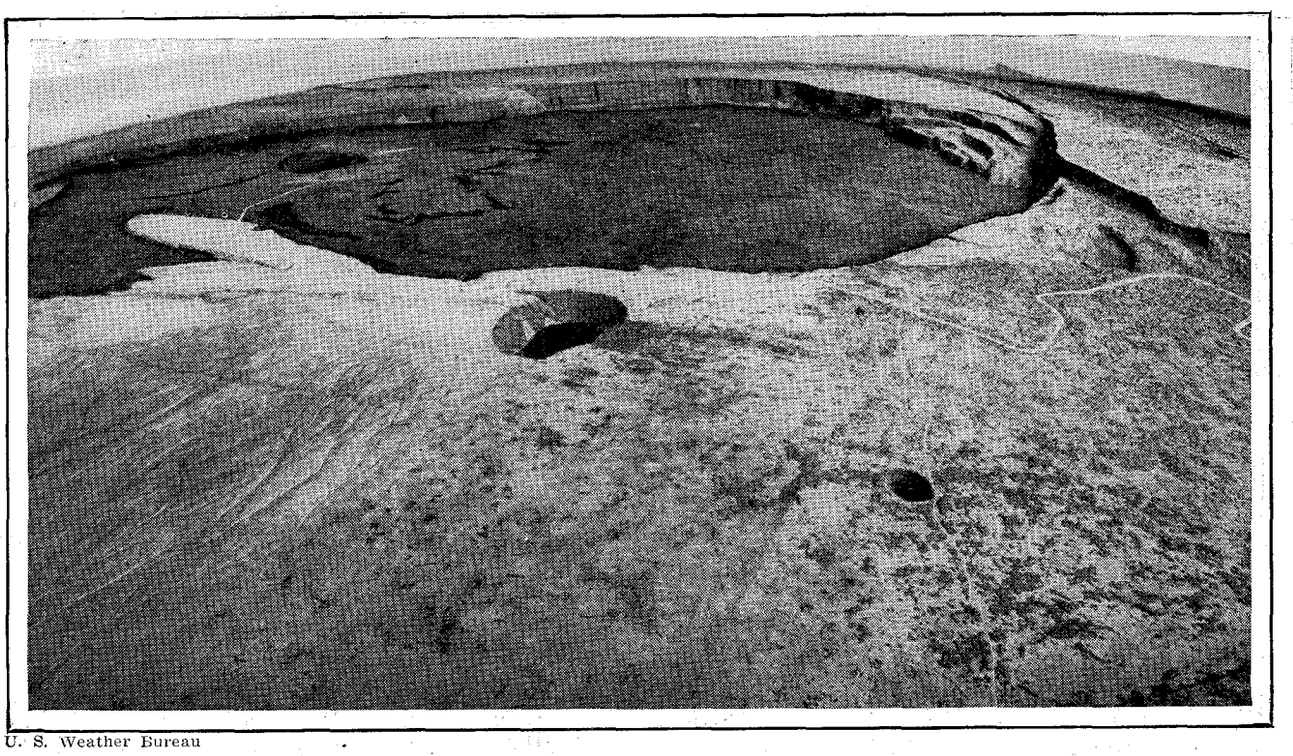
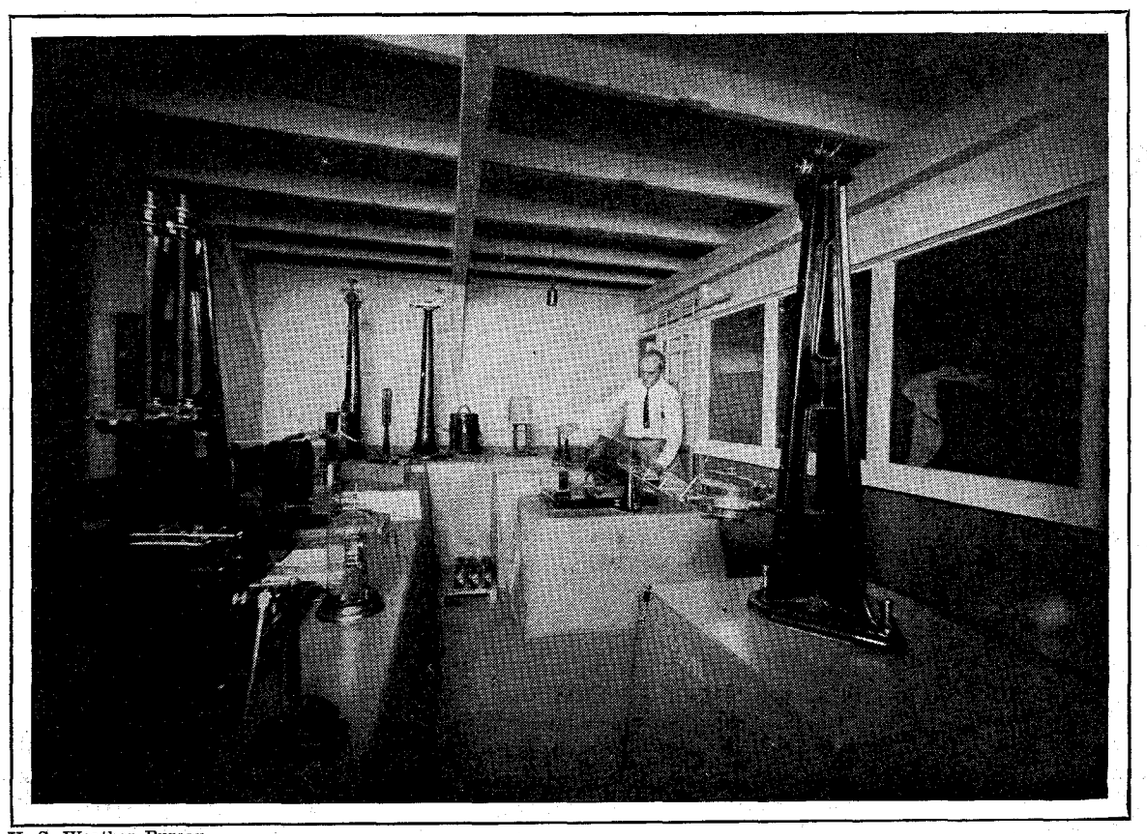


U. S. Weather Bureau

Model of Kilauea, Harvard University Museum

The whole model, extending considerably beyond the limits of this picture, is thirteen feet in diameter, representing an area of fifteen square miles. It differs from most relief models in not exaggerating the vertical scale as compared with the horizontal. It is a work of marvelous realism, reproducing thousands of individual trees, besides including human figures, automobiles, etc. Note the road leading out over the floor of the crater to the fire pit of Halemaumau. The latter is shown as it was during a low stage of the lava in 1913. The two cavities in the foreground are extinct lava pits



U. S. Weather Bureau

The Seismograph Room at the Observatory

Periods of volcanic activity are preceded by characteristic earth tremors, and the records of these disturbances, as traced by the pen of a seismograph, give warning of an impending outbreak. The seismographs at the observatory furnish an important part of the history not only of Kilauea but also of the neighboring volcano of Mauna Loa. Dr. T. A. Jaggar, Jr., seen in this picture, has been director of the Hawaiian Volcano Observatory since the year 1912

Keeping Tab

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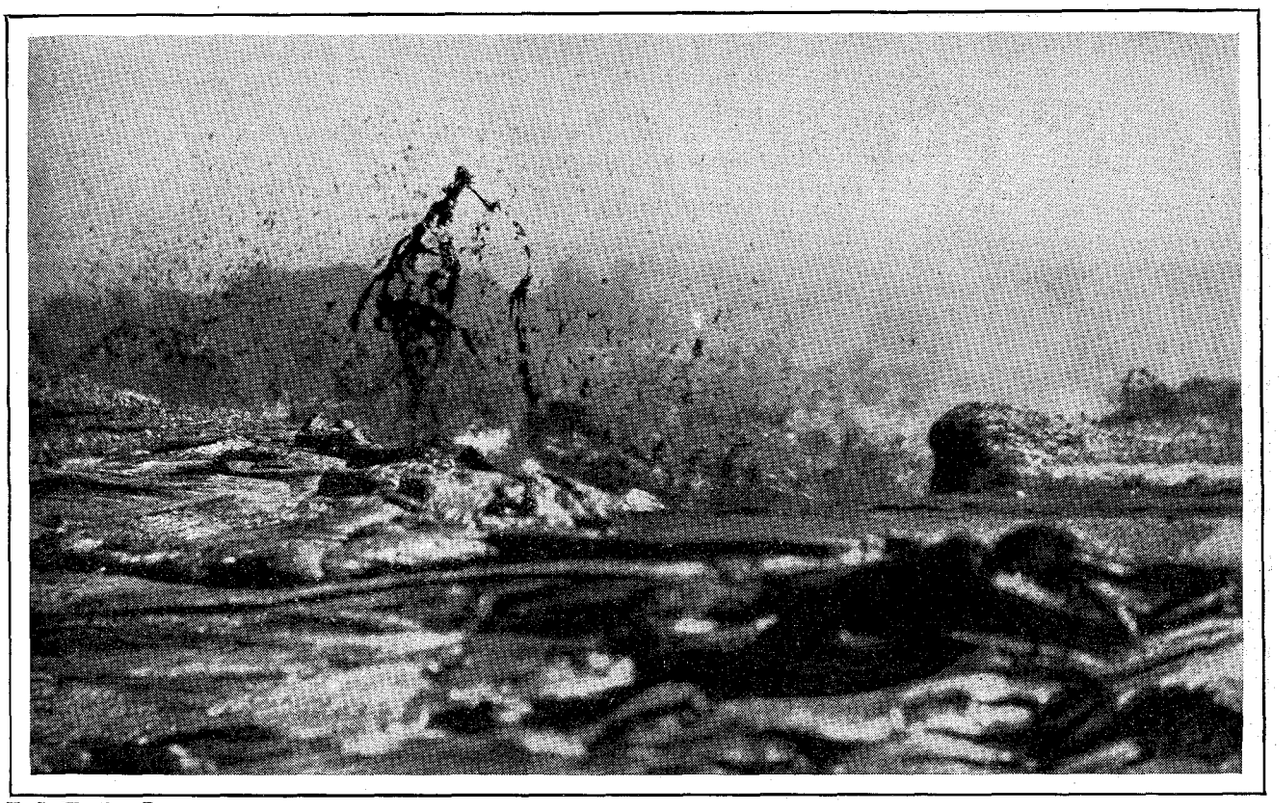

U. S. Weather Bureau

A Lava Fountain

These outbreaks commonly begin as dome-shaped swellings in the surface of the lake, which burst into a shower of fiery drops, or sometimes subside without bursting. The spattering lava from the fountains is carried far away by the wind in the shape of glassy filaments, known as "Pele's Hair." The jet seen in this picture was about forty feet high. It looks black in the photograph, but was actually red-hot. At night these fiery fountains are golden yellow. Note the temporary crust in the foreground and a torrent of liquid lava to the right of the fountain

Measuring the Height of the Lava in the Fire Pit

One of the routine duties of the volcanologists at Kilauea is to make surveys and maps of the ever-changing lava lake. Variations in the level are, in part at least, a tidal phenomenon. Besides these rises and falls, the lake is the scene of many other striking changes from day to day. Huge floating islands of rock sometimes jut up from the lake, resembling icebergs in appearance and behavior. Avalanches occur at the border of the pit, sending up huge clouds of dust. Local sinking of the lava gives rise to rushing torrents and cascades

U. S. Weather Bureau

on a Volcano

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Selective Immigration at Work

A country without the influence or resources of the United States has solved our immigration problems for us. Why not learn from her experience?

By STANLEY FROST

WE shall have with us again this winter the immigration problem. Congress will engage in its annual sport of trying to frame a system that to some extent will protect us from further masses of unassimilable peoples, but that will not offend any foreign government which hopes to dump its riffraff on us, nor annoy any unassimilated voters who wish to add their uncles and their aunts and their fourth cousins to our National burden, nor sacrifice any of the "great and glorious principles for which the spirit of America has always," etc. The immediate question—though it does not go to the root of the matter—will be whether we can end some of the worst evils by stopping the least desirable immigrants at their home ports. There will be much heated debate, and the air will be filled with assertions of what we can and cannot do—mostly what we cannot.

Actually, there is no need of straining our brains in speculation. The whole problem has been worked out in practice, and years of experience have shown exactly what can be done. All we really need to do is to check up on the established methods and results.

Moreover, the experimental work covers our own problem almost exactly, for it has been done by Canada, a country with population and politics very like our own, except that she still has much vacant farm land. Her people, her traditions, her industrial life—all these are so closely allied with ours that for many purposes the boundary is a purely imaginary line.

It is not too much to say that Canada has abolished practically all our immigration evils. There is no jamming of her ports, there are few people turned back from them and almost no tragedies there; there is no flooding of her labor markets and cutting of her standard of living; she has barely a trace of "foreign cities" and there are no great masses of alien-minded peoples threatening her national spirit. Also she has made the work of filtering her immigration simple and easy for herself and almost entirely free from hardship for the foreigners, whether she admits them or not.

Canada begins abroad. She makes her selection of immigrants almost entirely at their homes, where all the facts can be learned about them. They can have almost complete assurance that they will be welcomed before they break up their normal life or spend a cent toward seeking a new one. Thus she is able to pass on each individual case without fear of inflicting hardship on the immigrant, a fear which is responsible for the admission of thousands of undesirables at our ports.

Many of our own politicians tell us that this cannot be done. They say that other countries object, or that the administrative difficulties are too great, or that it is "un-American," or what not. But Canada does it, and has done it for years, although she has far less influence with foreign governments than we could exert, and far less resources to put into her agencies. She does it with little friction and at small cost.

The method by which she avoids conflict with foreign governments is simplicity itself, considering all the pother we hear about that bugaboo. No special treaties are required, no diplomatic relations. Her agents have no international standing, but are merely business representatives. They have no legal powers and are unable to tell any person whether he can or cannot leave home. Thus there is no possible invasion of the jurisdiction of foreign Powers.

What the agents do have is influence with the steamship companies. Canada has the same law that we have, which requires that a steamship company must deport at its own expense any immigrant it has brought who is rejected at the ports. All that the Canadian agents have power to do is to notify the steamship people that a certain person will be rejected. The steamship people do the rest.

The agents' whole work depends on the steamer lines. Whenever any person applies at a steamer office for passage to Canada a long questionnaire is given him, and the transportation companies have learned not to issue tickets till this has been filled out and approved. It is sent to the Canadian agent, who checks it up. If he decides that Canada can use that person, he notifies the steamer people and the British consul—in certain countries—and passports and tickets are issued. But if he decides Canada does not want the man, he simply advises the steamship company to that effect, and the matter is ended.

The medical examination which is required is made by the steamship company's doctors; but, since if he makes a mistake the company will have to carry the passenger home for nothing, few mistakes are made.

The questionnaire is exhaustive, taking up all the relations that a new immigrant will have to Canadian industry, politics, and society. It covers race, creed, nativity, education, political beliefs, and financial circumstances. In all countries except Great Britain and the United States it also covers occupational training, experience, and success, and these matters are considered of the most vital importance. In cases where a man is going alone to prepare the way for his family he is warned to make sure that there are among his dependents no physical or mental defectives who, when the family does come, will present at the port one of those heartbreaking problems with which we in the States are so familiar. And it is best for the emigrant to answer that questionnaire truthfully, for a single lie will bar him.

Permission to sail for Canada, however, is not a final permit to enter. Final examination is held at the ports, as with us. There must be official medical examination to make sure that no disease has developed, and there is a careful reexamination as to other qualifications. The questionnaire is the basis for this, and if the immigrant's answers differ from those he made before he will be turned back.

In practice, however, almost none are barred. During the last year, for example, out of 39,020 persons who arrived at Canadian ports from the British Isles only 153 were turned back. The record is similar for other countries. This means that the whole transatlantic immigration filter worked almost without hardship even to the thousands who were rejected; most of them found out they were not wanted before they had been put to any expense or trouble.

In spite of all possible care, however, Canada still has some few cases where, in a family coming to join the pioneer who has established a home, one member is undesirable because of physical or mental defect. These are the cases

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which furnish us in the States with most of our emotion about immigration, and many are pitiful to the last degree. The tragedies of parted families are one of the worst features of our system. The admission of the unfit is also a grave evil, yet sympathy continually drives us to it.

Most of such cases which arise in Canada affect children of pioneers who came before the present rigid system was established, or people who have unexpectedly become dependent on immigrants through the death of relatives abroad. In cases such as these Canada's rules are strict. Diseased persons are not admitted in any case. Mental or physical defectives will be admitted if the circumstances are sufficiently urgent, but such people are never allowed to become legal residents of Canada, much less citizens. Such a defective will be admitted only under a permit, for which a fee is charged, and which must be supported by heavy bond to insure adequate support and care. These permits are never for more than a year, and when the time for renewal comes the whole case is gone over again, so that no one is allowed to feel that lapse of time gives a right to remain.

Another Canadian practice which prevents some of the tragedies from which our immigrants suffer is a relaxation of the restrictions affecting parents, grandparents, and unmarried or widowed daughters of immigrants who have established homes. For such persons the literacy test is dropped and other restrictions are less rigidly enforced.

When I set out to find the weaknesses of the system, one of the first that I suspected was in regard to the important occupational test. It seemed to me that it would be rather easy for an immigrant to come in as a farmer, for example, and then go to work at something else. Farmers are always welcomed, though men of many other occupations are not.

"We don't need any precautions on that score," F. C. Blair, for twenty years secretary of the Department, told me. "The foreign agents or the men at the border or in the ports can settle it easily. What we want is workers, not clerks or tradesmen. You can't disguise your occupation very much if manual labor is involved; every man is marked. How? Why, his hands of course! We look at their hands, and the man with soft hands, especially if he has claimed to be a worker, is sent back."

I made particular inquiries of W. J. Black, the Deputy Minister who is executive head of the Department, about difficulties with foreign countries over the "invasion" of the Canadian agents.

"There is very little trouble," he replied. "Most countries are glad to protect their people from needless disturbance. But when there is any difficulty we hold the whip-hand.

"There was a case a few years ago that illustrates this. A certain foreign country was sending too many of her undesirable people, and sometimes helping them to practice fraud on our agents. One of our officials went over there and asked them to put on the lid. They objected at first, because they were really very anxious to get rid of those people. But when we threatened to stop all immigration, good or bad, from that country they saw reason. There has been no trouble there since. There is another country now that objects to our agents, and we have none there. We haven't had a show-down with them yet, and the time is not quite ripe. Just now we simply bar almost all her citizens. But eventually she will have to come to scratch if she wants any of her people to share our opportunities. If she doesn't, we can spare them."

Most of the actual rejections of would-be immigrants are made at the border of the United States. The reason of course is that there is no way of giving them a preliminary examination before they start. Canada's policy is to admit United States citizens on the most generous terms, the same as those given British subjects—there are no requirements as to occupational tests nor for assured employment such as apply to most countries. But, since there are among our population many elements which Canada does not want, and since there has been a steady attempt for some time to get numbers of radical agitators into the country from this side—they have little chance of entering through the ports—the number of rejections runs high.

To make sure of barring undesirables of all kinds, even when there is no special rule to cover them, Canada gives her agents a very wide discretion. This is discretion to reject, be it noted, not to admit, for Canada claims the benefit of any doubt in every case. Of course any person rejected has the right to appeal, but few win through in this way. The agents easily learn from the decisions on appeals and from private advice from their superiors what kinds of people not specifically barred Canada does not want.

This discretion is very broad indeed. In addition to all the bars which our own laws impose and a dozen more, the agent has the right to turn persons back either because he is not convinced of their assurance of self-support, because of doubts about their general health, because of suspicions as to their fitness to become Canadian citizens, or even because they might not stand the climate.

These broad powers—always exercised with the basic knowledge that Canada wants all possible immigrants of the right kind—are very useful, and are sometimes invoked in cases where the specific regulations could be used. For various reasons it is not always desirable to state the actual cause of rejection, if merely to avoid friction. There is one race in the United States, for instance, which Canada has decided presents a problem with which she does not wish to be bothered. The law gives the Governor in Council full power to put in a regulation barring all members of this race, but an indirect policy is used instead. When they reach the border, they are told that they are not fitted to stand the rigors of the northern climate, though there are thousands of them already in Canada.

Lack of health is also often made the excuse for barring people who are suspected of political beliefs which Canada does not desire to import, or of other undesirable qualities which may be suspected but are hard to prove. There are specific regulations barring these classes, but the use of poor health as a bar avoids trouble and possibly expensive trials. It gives Canada the benefit of the doubt in every uncertain case.

All this of course is centrally controlled, and not subject to the whims of individual agents. The discretion given them can be corrected quickly by appeal, yet it enables the authorities to use a flexibility and diplomacy in their filtering process which saves much friction, while giving them absolute control of the quality of immigration.

There have been many attempts to beat this system, and some of them have worked for a while, but their total effect has been small. Recently it was discovered that there were a number of "im-

NEXT week Stanley Frost, whom The Outlook asked to get the facts for its readers, will tell how Canada selects the kinds of people who will be valuable to her. Canada has carried out a great experiment with success. There is nothing she has done which the United States cannot do. Canada believes that she and not the immigrants should do the selecting. Next week's article tells how she puts her belief into practice by "scientific shopping for new neighbors"

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migration agents" who not only pushed appeal cases—sometimes supplying forged or perjured evidence—but actually "bootlegged" immigrants where the pay was high enough, much as Chinese are sometimes smuggled into the States. Official action during the past summer has put all of these out of business, it is believed, and a new regulation requires that all dealing between the Government and would-be immigrants be personal and direct. The officials hope that this will permanently prevent the evil.

So, with very few exceptions, Canada gets no one whom she does not want for neighbors and citizens. Her filter is far more effective than ours, yet imposes far fewer hardships. She has faced all the difficulties which have prevented our applying a scientific system and beaten them. Her solutions have been far simpler than our futile compromises; her experience shows what we can do if we wish.

Rifling the Eagle's Nest

By BRUNO ROSELLI

To-day Montenegro is not even a name—only a memory. The mountain people who for centuries guarded the land of the Black Mountain against the ravages of Islam lie under the heel of an alien dynasty. The Serb has achieved the conquest which was beyond the power of the Turk and the Austrian. Bruno Roselli is perhaps the first to give the story of present-day Montenegro to the world

SUPPOSE you had been born and brought up on the most mongrel island of the Adriatic Sea, and had a Greek father and a Slav mother, and labored under the cosmic urge to form a union, "one and indivisible," with a German girl from your own town; in what language would you ask her to become your bride? I myself would pause so long before an answer that I might remain single; not so my erstwhile cabin mate Marco Cassavettis, formerly of Lussingrande, and now of West Hoboken, New Jersey, who brought to me for readjustment and amplification the precious epistle, concocted in the purest, albeit most gushing, *Italian* language—and was quite surprised at my surprise.

"What other language could I use?" said that man without a country, whose racial consciousness was nil and whose geographical allegiance was the Adriatic Sea. "That message is a formal document, dignified, I hope, and consequential, I know. No other language would do."

And when my literary labors were over, and I tried to fathom Cassavettis's attitude, I remembered my original surprise when I saw Istrian and Dalmatian cemeteries from Trieste to Cattaro full of tombstones of Croat, Austrian, and even Hungarian dead, bearing Italian inscriptions; of the naval commands in the Italian language given in the erstwhile Austrian navy, which could not be accused of extreme Italophilia; of the quaint votive tablets, picturing sailboats saved by the Madonna from foundering, hung by out-and-out Slav skippers in Croat sanctuaries but with explanations invariably in Italian. Cassavettis was right. These East Adriatic peoples will speak all jargons while wielding the oar or the spade or the rifle, but they turn instinctively to the Italian tongue—the language of the one real civilization which this sea has ever felt—on all serious, formal, or official occasions; just as every Bessie, Dick, and Peggy become again Elizabeth, Richard, and Margaret in America when applying for their passports.

Thus it finally became clear to me why the "Land of the Black Mountain," locally known as Czernagora, in its official and international intercourse has ever been known as "Montenegro," from the Venetian version of the Italian word "Montenero."

But to-day Montenegro is not even a name—only a memory. Its master, the "Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes" (Jugoslavia), has not even given Montenegro the honor of a place in its long official name, while the former capital city of Cettinje (or Cettigne) was simply annexed to Cattaro in the Department of Southern Dalmatia. And it was not some obscure post-bellum propagandist, it was Lord Gladstone, who exclaimed in the House of Lords, on March 11, 1920: "What worse could have befallen Montenegro, if instead of being our ally from the very first, it had fought against us in the enemy camp?" But his voice, like the voices of so many other lovers of liberty who spoke against the Allied treason of Montenegro, was silenced later. This is being done by a novel method, far more effective than intimidation or bribery: if you say a word in favor of those brave mountaineers, you are approached by somebody who whispers that he has mysterious, conclusive, but unprintable information proving what scoundrels the Montenegrins have been and are. I regret to say that even a member of my own family tried to correct my views on Montenegro, on the strength of delicate information privately acquired in high Interallied circles during the war. And it was a friend in the Italian diplomatic service who made to me the significant remark: "If some of Montenegro's royal masters had not tried to serve both God and Mammon, their land would not be reaping this frightful harvest." But, being by nature an enemy of dark innuendoes and of evasive answers, I decided to accept henceforth no whispered explanations, but to see what the Montenegrin *people* were like, irrespective of their royal princes, and to visit the country if it cost my life to do so. Nor is this last a boastful exaggeration; public safety in Montenegro is so problematic that its main road, that from Cattaro to Cettinje, thirty miles long, is open to traffic only from 7 A.M. to 6 P.M., when a Serb soldier with rifle and bayonet is stationed every one hundred yards on that inferno of waterless rocks to protect from the outlawed patriots the armored mail auto and the few other motor cars which venture up to that glorious aerie, to that eagle's nest, which no one had ever succeeded in rifling, even when Islam had clawed the whole Balkan Peninsula and was knocking at the very gates of imperial Vienna.

The road from Cattaro to Cettinje was built by Austria many years ago, and, while its hairpin turns are impressively narrow for automobiles, its construction still remains one of the most celebrated victories in the history of communication. None of the routes over the Alpine passes required such tenacious disregard of natural barriers. And what

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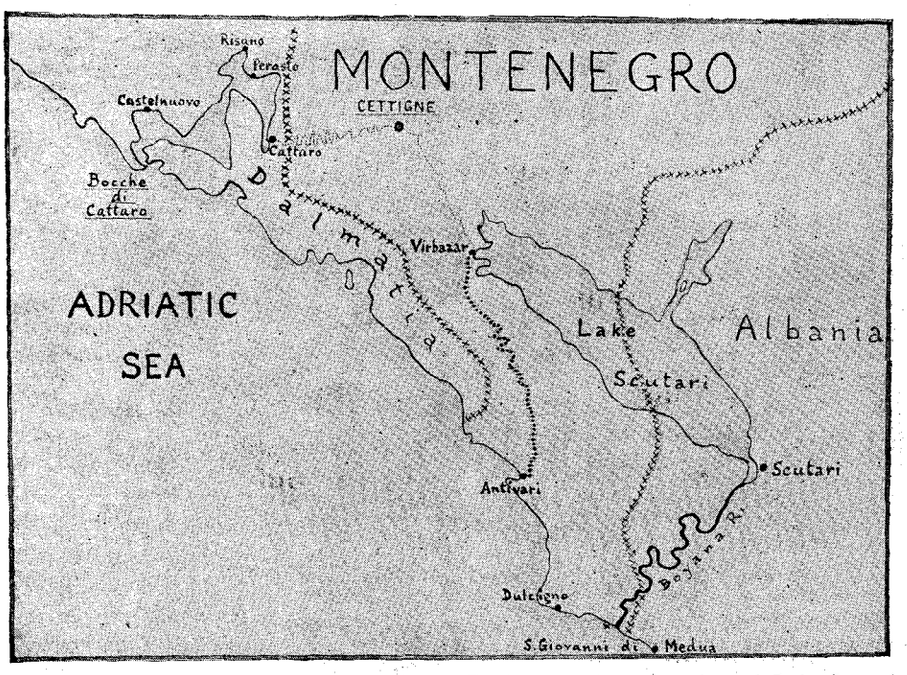
views! At your feet are the Bocche di Cattaro (Mouths of Cattaro), the most serene Norwegian fiord imaginable; a fiord blessed by the sky and sea hues of Amalfi and Sorrento, with an entrance so narrow as to be dangerous for large boats, and, once inside, towns and villages of the purest Italian type—Perasto, Risano, Castelnuovo—scattered at the foot of a most spectacular range of cyclopic mountains, dyed yellow, purple, and red by a southern sky enamored of his palette. The steamers have to zigzag for five long hours, from *bocca* to *bocca*, before making a final sharp turn and casting anchor at Cattaro, that animated boulder, that absurdity among cities, which seems to have been built in a place so obviously unfit for human habitation just because such an extraordinary set of keys must surely have a turnkey.

But Cattaro itself—which, being in Dalmatia, will be described in another article—hardly appears from the wondrous road; the city playing peek-a-boo most successfully with its lowest, or Austrian, section, and disappearing altogether (owing to the peculiar angle of the cliff) when the road enters Montenegrin territory. This erstwhile boundary between Austria and Montenegro, on Mount Lovcen, the huge rock behind Cattaro, is another picturesque anomaly, because it is, so to speak, based, not on the usual longitudinal and latitudinal valuation of space, but on an altitudinal or vertical one. In other words, while the mountain on which the glorious road winds rises at an angle of 40, 50, 60 degrees, we are still in Austria; but when the slope becomes an absolute precipice and the road is entirely cut into the solid rock, so that a stone thrown from the edge of that cliff would travel one thousand feet before touching the ground, then we enter Montenegrin territory. The little Kingdom appeared therefore to me more in the shape of a terrace than anything else; of a barren, forbidding terrace, if you will, desolate and majestic in the extreme, from which a population of warriors in constant intimacy with the heavens could see the joint wicked beauty of southern nature and Latin civilization at their feet, and reject it all in the pride of their hard-won liberty, feeling that they would rather lift up their eyes unto the hills, from whence came their help. Never before did I visualize so clearly the tempting offer which the fiend made to the Christ from the top of the symbolic mountain. And here, to pass from transplanted visions to local realities, the best warrior blood of Christendom in 1389 shouted defiance to Islam, and won the uneven fight and kept pure and unsullied the Slav race which their less brave or less fortunate brothers the Serbs had to bend to the yoke of an Asiatic foe. Battle and epic song remained for centuries the chief occupation of the men; while their women would stealthily lower themselves from pinnacle to pinnacle to the lesser slopes below, and bring home in baskets tied behind their backs seeds, tree branches, and even *earth* in which to plant them, since the range above which Mount Lovcen towers has almost no earth, most of what there is having been brought from below and steeped in the crevices best protected from the wind.

As one approaches Cettinje from the Adriatic one sees here and there, on the most exposed parts of the mountains, huge initials—"A" (Alexander) and "P" (Peter)—surmounted by the Serb crown, made out of blackened stones and placed against light-colored rocks. The Shakespearean "Methinks the lady doth protest too much" came to my mind with sad irony when I saw them. And surely of blackened stones there is no dearth here. It seemed to me that one house out of three had been burned—and there are no wooden houses in Montenegro! I tried to give the occupying army the benefit of the doubt and to believe that the devastation was Austrian, dating from the early days of the war, or was casual. But the state of the ruins I inspected again and again prevented me attributing the fire to a period much earlier than one year or, at most, two years ago; while the fact that single houses, placed between two others in perfect preservation, had been totally consumed by fire—just as I had observed in Louvain after the systematic German "punishment"—seemed to bear out conclusively the theory of arson as political reprisal. And what is there left to the poor Montenegrin patriot whose house has been burned and whose earthly goods have been confiscated but to become a sort of political bandit, a patriotic highwayman carrying on guerrilla warfare on the road and sleeping at night in one of the numberless caves of this Carsic territory, where his Serb foe does not dare hunt him? The unquestionable fact is that, while the Serbs call such people "brigands," they are unable to explain why this territory which was free from brigands before the war is now full of them.

That terror is the general rule no one who has seen Montenegro with honest eyes will dare deny. General Burnham, of the Canadian army, who has lately returned from a stay of several years there, asserted that "the Montenegrins fight desperately, for they know that the tortures appointed for the wretched prisoners of the Serbs are more cruel than any known to the Middle Ages, and surpass everything known to history down to our day." I spare my readers the details which follow. Personally, having visited the land only *en touriste*, I could not substantiate that statement, the veracity of which appears, however, unquestionable to me, and seems confirmed both by the little news which has leaked out of Montenegro since 1918 and by the mass of evidence which has been concealed with such suspicious zeal. Thus it seems appalling, for instance, that the British mission under H.E. Count de Salis (British Envoy to the Vatican), which was sent to verify and report, was not allowed to publish its findings, Lord Curzon curtly announcing to the House of Lords that the Government "had deemed the publication impossible." How cruel is our pseudo-Christian world,



Montenegro's "Terrace on the Adriatic" near Cettinje, and backdoor through Lake Scutari

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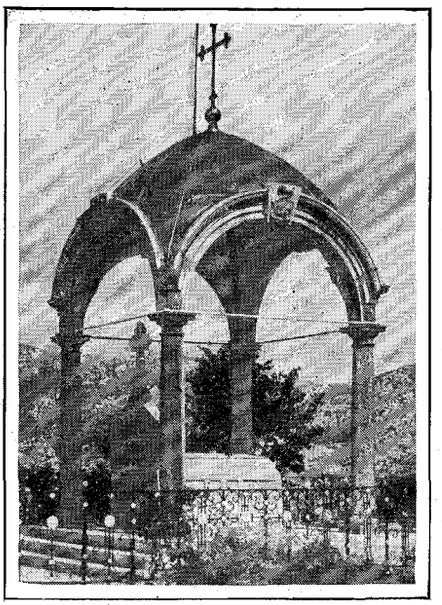
where people who know of the worst abominations can be made to be silent for state reasons!

But if not of actual horrors, of political enslavement I saw endless proofs myself. Let me mention a significant one. Several days before I visited Cettinje—in fact, on the first day I set foot on what used to be Montenegro—I saw among a mass of greasy German-made post-cards one which represented an imposing tomb in Cettinje. "Whose tomb is this?" I inquired. "An old, old tomb," replied the shopkeeper, eying me from head to foot. "But whose?" "Oh, a dead person," he retorted, with not a shadow of humor and an air of finality. Needless to say, I bought the postal and decided to investigate. The first thing I saw when I reached Cettinje was that beautiful tomb, obviously one of the landmarks. So, as soon as I was through with the police regulations (which are unusually complex in Cattaro and Cettinje) I suggested to the owner of my hotel, who had patiently accompanied me to all offices, that he show me the way to that monument. You should have seen his face! "I am too tired," he said. "Then send a boy with me. I shall pay him well." "No. Better not go there." "But is it not one of the sights of this town?" There was no answer, and with a formal lifting of the hat he left me, entering the nearest shop and pointing to me the direction of his hotel. Needless to say, I made at once for the tomb, which I found to be a massive monument to the first dynastic "Vladika" (bishop) of Montenegro, Danilo, the half-mythical hero of Czernagora. Ten days later, having left Montenegro for Dalmatia, I was able to purchase from a stationer of Ragusa the photograph of the tomb which is here reproduced, but not until he had scratched out all indications as to what the picture represented!

Cettinje is my idea of paradise—a paradise perhaps never inhabited by angels, but certainly now peopled by devils. It is a little town built in what I believe is the only level spot in Montenegro, and it actually rests on earth, not on rocks. Little level fields, three thousand feet up in the air, grace this side of Lovcen, which forgot that it was a tower of rugged strength and pretended to consist of smiling farm land. In fact, the size of Cettinje is just what the size of that land would call for: as many people as can be fed on that plateau, and no more. Here once upon a time old King Nicholas used to rule by patriarchal methods his little flock, administering justice once a week under an aged tree in front of his home. Here ambassadors of the Great Powers were sent when they needed a rest or an exile, and their official residences, now closed tight like summer cottages facing a December sea, add an inexpressible note of tragedy, omnipresent as they are in the tiny city. And here ripened into beautiful womanhood that gem of the Petrovich family, Elena, now Queen of Italy, who, chosen by a loving prince as his bride, has followed the destinies of her adopted country with a loyalty so complete that it almost seemed oblivion of her earlier associations, whereas it was only desire to avoid being that curse for a nation, a "political queen." But the palace, or, I should say, the vast, unassuming homestead where she was born, is now used for Jugoslav offices; the strange monastery where her beloved hero Ivan the Black lived the life of a politico-religious leader and seer is closed and silent; just as (to prove that Cettinje is no exception) the smiling villa of Topolitza which Danilo, Elena's worldly brother, had had built on Antivari Bay is now the residence of the head of the Jugoslav medical staff for the district; while across the bay, in that port of Antivari which an Italian company had built for King Nicholas, the private yacht of the former sovereign, red with rust and green with weeds, disintegrates with that touching sadness so peculiar to dying vessels, which always seem to me to have enough soul to know that they are doomed, but not enough life to fight death.



The tomb at Cettinje of Prince Danilo, the great hereditary ruler of Montenegro

The romance of the "Compagnia di Antivari" has not yet been written; and if I were a novelist or a historian it would tempt me hugely, since it holds rare elements of power, picturesqueness, and intrigue. Let me supply the main lines. Austria owned or controlled all the eastern Adriatic coast except for Montenegro—at least she was *natio non grata* in and around Cettinje. Consequently, Austria's north-to-south line made a detour there; money, spies, and soldiers used to go behind the mountain range, by way of Lake Scutari. However, Austria was not alone in control of this lake; Montenegro had equal rights to it, but could not exercise them, being too backward. Italy might have helped her, being always glad to oppose Austria, but how could she reach Lake Scutari? Surely not by the usual route via Cattaro, which was Austrian. The back door had to be opened. How this was done was explained to me by an engineer of the Compagnia whom I met at Antivari in the most unexpected of ways. I had just put up at the best and only hotel, when my eye was caught by a half-obliterated sign on a large building overlooking the empty harbor: "Hotel Marina." The Italian name was unusual in Jugoslavia: I proceeded to investigate. "No, Donatello, I cannot play *Aïda*," issued in the most robust Roman dialect from one of the windows. Two minutes later I had fifteen more friends. They were the representatives (I ought to say the survivors) of the Compagnia di Antivari with their families.

"What do you do here?"

"Nothing at all," was their answer. "But the Company keeps us here because if we left its goods would be destroyed; and the Jugoslav Government allows us to stay because if those goods were destroyed Italy would make Jugoslavia pay. So we stay here until we die of *ennui* or malaria. We have taken to ourselves the summer hotel which the Company had built; it is our fortress. At our feet is the port we built, with the lighthouse which we keep going merely for pride's sake. There are the Company's former offices and shops. There is the railway station. There zigzags the line over which we run a train twice a week to keep the franchise. It goes up three thousand feet, crosses the range, and reaches Lake Scutari at Virbazar—first side of our quadrangle. From Virbazar by lake to Scutari in Albania, with our own steamers—second side. From Scutari by way of the River Boyana, on which we acquired the monopoly of fluvial transportation, to San Giovanni di Medua on the Adriatic—third side. And the regular Italian Government boats covered the fourth side, from San Giovanni to Antivari. Before the war we had blocked Austria most unexpectedly and opened wide Montenegro's back door. Now we are ruined."

Yes, it was plain that they were ruined. With Austria disintegrated, the diplomatic reason for that clever arrangement had gone. And no economic reason exists now that Montenegro is

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penniless and starved. Even the share originally intrusted to the Italian merchant marine has lost its *raison d'être.* I was the only passenger for Antivari on the Italian boat; and the steamers do not even "officially" touch here. "Look, look and remember," said the captain, an old sea dog from Fiume, to me. "Look at the Jugoslav police trying to find state secrets in the portfolio of our agent ashore." And, sure enough, before the youth was allowed near his portfolio was turned inside out and every letter, every bill of lading, every invoice, had to be felt, read, commented upon. *"Povera gente, li abbiamo traditi!"*

Yes, "poor people, we have betrayed you." All of us. Italy, which was nearest and dearest; France, which must keep Serbia as a sentinel against Italy; England, which cannot bear to see the Adriatic too Italian; and America, which promised the restoration of Montenegro when we all did, but keeps away from all her poor relatives of Europe. But I am not without hope. Countries do not die quickly and utterly like individuals. Any one who remembers the storm of indignation which swept over the Italian Chamber of Deputies when it was announced that for the good of world peace the Montenegrin question had been dropped by Italy knows what to expect when international conditions have changed.

But if the Deputies were moved, one can only surmise what their Queen Elena must have suffered then, and before, and since. Her crown must have seemed a crown of thorns, compelled as she was to watch from afar the disintegration of her own family and her own people. In 1914 she saw them challenging Austria; and in 1916, after they had begged in vain from France and Italy for guns to be placed on Mount Lovcen, which were somehow never supplied, began the exodus of the fiery race, the heartrending retreat to the coast, together with their Slav brothers the Serbs.[1] If those paths converging from the fastnesses of Czernagora upon the miserable Albanian harbor of San Giovanni di Medua could speak, what stories of horror could they not tell! It is said that at that time a high Montenegrin official, seeing no hope anywhere, made useless overtures for a separate peace with Austria; at least, with such miserable charges the whole Montenegrin race is now being blackmailed into silence and slavery. At any rate, they did not betray, and lost forty-six per cent of their fighting men. The entire royal family repaired to France; Montenegro was put under Austrian military rule; the remnants of her army were gathered at Saloniki under French command. It was then that, the split between Serbs and Montenegrins having become more acute, France took openly the part of the former, and the Montenegrin veterans were given the choice of fighting under the Serbian flag or being exiled to North Africa as prisoners of war. Meanwhile the King of Montenegro and his Court were kept, more as prisoners than as guests, in Bordeaux. Again and again they begged to leave. On November 24, 1918, M. Poincaré, President of France, wrote to King Nicholas: "The French troops called upon to occupy provisionally the territory of your Kingdom will apply themselves to maintaining order. It appears preferable that your Majesty should postpone the return to your Kingdom. The presence of the Allied troops will contribute to hasten this moment which your Majesty so ardently desires. As soon as it arrives, the Government of the Republic will be happy, your Majesty, to facilitate your return voyage." But this language was only atrocious irony. Ten days before, on November 14, the Serbs, who had been put in complete control by the French, had gathered in the little village of Podgoritza 163 people, mostly without official authority, and made this pseudo-"National Assembly" commit national suicide, abolishing the Montenegrin Constitution and bringing about annexation to Serbia, pure and simple, without even any autonomous local rights. King Nicholas and Queen Milena died shortly after in exile. The Montenegrin "prisoners of war" were returned—to the gallows or Jugoslav jails. And Italy, which had long tried to keep the Montenegrin question diplomatically open, finally gave way, and—the truth must be told—was made to obtain terms less humiliating from Jugoslavia in the "bitter Adriatic" by countenancing in 1921, and by approving in 1922, the legal murder of Montenegro.

But if there is any truth in the ancient belief that the ghosts of the murdered give no rest to the souls of their murderers, will it not apply to nations as well? If such be the case, I have no doubt that in the state of utter distraction under which post-bellum countries are laboring we see the relentless, ever-pursuing work of a Nemesis which has not forgiven the Allies for their most shameful piece of *Real-Politik*—the betraying, gagging, and garroting of their comrade and friend, Montenegro.

The Great American Weakness

By Thomas L. Masson

WHAT is the greatest weakness that we Americans have, take us as a whole? I think I know. I am going to tell you what it is, and can only hope that you will agree with me. It has been of some personal help to me to find this out for myself, and if you agree with me it may help you. It all lies very largely in the distinction between two methods. One method is the getting of somebody to relieve you of details. The other method is becoming dependent upon others or upon machines. Machines are good when they don't crush you. Others are also good when they don't crush you.

Mr. Rockefeller attributes his success to the way that he is relieved of doing unnecessary work. He has never even made out a check himself for years. But he has always done his own thinking.

Let me give you an example out of my personal experience. I am the head (or like to think I am) of a large household. We have a baby in our house. We haven't been without a baby in the house for a quarter of a century. I hope never to be without one—the more, the merrier. This baby has a nurse, a very fine nurse. Well, this nurse got so that she was bossing the whole house. If things went wrong, her feelings were hurt. Everybody was in terror of her, because she took such good care of the baby. When her feelings were hurt, her favorite indoor sport was to announce that she would leave the next morning. Then there was loud wailing and gnashing of teeth. I stood it as long as I could, but one night I got my back up. Looking back upon this crisis in my life, I don't know how I ever did it. But I said: "Let her go; I insist upon her going." And I meant it. The fact was that I

[1] The official statistics (see Ambassador Page's "Italy and the World War," p. 236) show 39 Italian, 20 French, 5 British vessels engaged in the work of transporting the survivors. It seems incredible that M. Stéphane Lauzanne, in his "Fighting France," should have stated: "The Serbians called for help. Who went to Serbia's aid? Not Italy, who was satisfied with establishing herself at Valona and thus driving a wedge between her two rivals on the Adriatic coast. But France, France heard Serbia's call for help and decided to respond to it."

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wanted to take care of that kid myself—at least for about three days when we were getting somebody else.

Well, when I announced my decision—the first one that I had been able to get off my chest for years—that nurse calmed right down. She thought we were dependent upon her, and when she got to believe that we weren't that made all the difference.

And so I say, when you are absolutely attached to something, when you simply cannot get along without it, that is the time to get rid of it.

Perhaps this is as good an illustration as any of what I mean: I drive a car, but I never do anything to it. I don't employ a chauffeur, because I had one once and he wouldn't get up in the morning when I did. But I get other people to oil my car, wash it, fill it with gas, and so on. Then I check up what they do myself. That is, I control the situation. If a man tells me there is enough gas in the tank, I thank him, and then look at the gauge.

And that principle is true all along the line. One of the reasons for marital troubles is not because married people don't get on together, but because they get on too well. They become too dependent upon each other. Or one of them does, and the other carries the burden. Epictetus was a wise guy, and once made this remark:

"Of Things, some are in our Power, and others not. In our Power are Opinion, Pursuit, Desire, Aversion, and, in one Word, whatever are our actions. Not in our Power are Body, Property, Reputation, Command, and, in one Word, whatever are not our own actions."

What this means is in effect that we should never permit the things that are not in our power to control us. Do not become so much attached to them that they rule you. If you do, you will always be restless and miserable.

That is why so many of us Americans rush about so, trying to have a good time. We become dependent upon so many things that are really houses of cards. We go to extremes.

The Boy That Quit Roamin'

By Robert Hayne Leavell

THE next time you read of race conflicts in the South consider the case of George Askew and of E. R. Lloyd. This is the story of character, friendship, and courage, and of a colored boy and his roamin', and why he did it

"JUS' roamin'. Ever sence he come back from St. Louis that's all my boy's done. But, Mr. Lloyd, can I lay that aginst him? He's young. And, anyways, us colored folks is nachul-bawn roamers. S'posin' he did want to stay at home. I got no reg'lar task for him. And, what's mo', so long as we don't raise nuthin' but cotton and cawn they ain't goin' to be no reg'lar task."

George Askew paused for a moment to study the face of his white landlord. What he saw was evidently encouraging, for he proceeded:

"Lemme have some cows, Mr. Lloyd. That's a task that comes reg'lar ev'y day in th' yeah. An' it means cash money to spend ev'y month."

E. R. Lloyd leaned back in his swivel chair and regarded his black-skinned tenant with amused surprise. Then he shook his head before he made answer:

"Cows wouldn't help you, George, just because they do mean a task that comes every day in the year. There aren't many white men who will milk cows day in, day out, without a lay-off. Don't tell me a Negro—a young one at that—would stick to the job. He loves to roam too much. That's one big reason why I can't get away from the system of nothing but cotton and corn. Negro laborers won't stay with me or with any other landlord if we adopt a system of farming that hasn't more days for loafing than for work. No, George, cows would only make things harder for you."

But the Negro would not be put off.

"Jus' lemme try it, Boss! I knows what my boy wants. An' if I gives it to him he'll wuk, and wuk hahd. 'Tain't like I wuz askin' to *quit* cotton. We got to have cotton. Fuh, if we didn't, there couldn't be no cotton-pickin'. An' that's one of the bigges' ways my race has of bein' sociable. But cows as a side-line on a cotton fahm. Mr. Lloyd, that would go good."

"Do you believe your boy would milk cows Sundays?" the "boss man" asked, incredulously.

"Yas, suh. All of us would milk on Sundays, and ev'y othuh day too. I promises you that. An' in th' eight yeahs I've been on yo' place you knows I done ev'ything I made a promise on."

"Yes, you've always been a reliable tenant. But, George, you never promised anything before that you couldn't perform. This is different. By your own showing, your boy has already roamed North once. And whenever the work gets tiresome he'll go again, perhaps for good. Then my investment in cows and barns and fences will be money thrown away. It would take all of two thousand dollars to get you started right. I can't take the chance."

"No, Mr. Lloyd, my boy ain't goin' Nawth agin. I knows that."

"Why are you so sure?"

"What happened when he went up there. That's why. He hadn't no mo'n got off th' train an' walk aroun' a little bit, ketchin' a crick in the back of his neck lookin' at them high buildin's, when a strange white man steps up to him and says: 'Nigger, where's yo' cahd?'

"'What cahd?' my boy asks him.

"'The cahd that shows you are at work, and exempt from the army draft,' this man tells him, an' he says, 'You have a job by to-morrow morning, or we'll send you to France.'

"Well, when the next mawnin' come an' the M. and O. fas' train from St. Louis stopped ovah heah at Ahtesia my boy got off an' made a bee-line fuh home. 'Papa,' he says, 'I'se back home to he'p you raise cotton. Mississippi good enough fuh me.'

"Boss, he say he come home to raise cotton; but you cain't raise cotton but a little while in th' yeah. Most of th' time he jus' runnin' aroun'. An' that ain't good fuh a boy. Now if I jus' had some cows, an' could pay him cash money ev'y month, an' let him buy some good clo'es to spoht about in when he wasn't wukkin, I could keep my boy content.

"As fuh his goin' back Nawth when the task grows sort o' heavy, he ain't goin' to do that as long as th' wah lasts. He not so cu'ous about seein' France

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George Askew (right) and some of his family. The son who decided to "stay" stands at the left with his wife and child

from th' behin' een of a gun. An' when th' wah is ovah maybe he'll have th' home-stayin' habit. An' they tells me this wah is goin' on a long time."

The earnestness of the man, backed as it was in Mr. Lloyd's memory by long years of dependable service, had the desired effect. A small dairy as a side-line to cotton became a reality.

Nearly five years have gone by since George Askew and his landlord began their experiment in making farm life worth while for the young Negro. How well it has worked is suggested by the presence of the three figures at the extreme left in the accompanying photograph. For these picture the son, the son's wife, and their little child. Clearly the young man has acquired at last "the home-staying habit."

Indeed, the experiment has worked so well that the "good clothes" which George hoped his son could buy with his earnings in the dairy were on his back—some of them at least—when I snapped this camera. And although George himself affects overalls, they are clean and new.

The picture hints at something else. The daughters of the tenant are at home too. And, despite the finery in which they have arrayed themselves for going to church, they take their part in the work of the dairy.

The camera, however, does not tell the whole story. For there is also a married daughter, who lives just across the road on the Lloyd place. But the news that a picture was to be taken delayed her Sunday preparations so much further that finally, after much entreaty from her father for haste, she sent word for us to wait no longer. Even then the camera cannot tell you that the land on which George has his own home and a house for his son as well now belongs not to Mr. Lloyd but to his tenant. It is worth noting, too, that the farm yields as much cotton as before the dairy was started and on fewer acres.

The new system has literally stood the test of fire. One night in the winter of 1922 a brilliant blaze wakened the family. But the warning came too late to save the mules, the hay, and the barn. In spite of rain and cold, all hands did their share during the rest of that bitter winter in caring for the cows as best they could. I wonder whether you can appreciate, as I can, what that means. Perhaps you cannot, unless you too have a boyhood memory of milking cows through February snows under open sheds on the north side of the barn. However that may be, the bare fact that no one deserted is sufficiently impressive.

I asked Mr. Lloyd whether the adventure had paid. Here is his answer.

"When we had raised only cotton and corn, my share had never brought me over $500. But with cotton and cows there was one year in which each of us took in $2,500. That does not mean of course five times the profit; because it was in the high-price era just after the war. Still, it was by any calculation a much handsomer return than I'd ever had before from my investment.

"Why, we even got so emancipated that the year after the bottom fell out of the cotton market we raised no cotton at all! Just think of our being as independent as that in this cotton country!

"Then, too, the land has steadily improved, not only because of the barnyard manure, but because of the alfalfa field that George has developed, and the peas and beans he has raised for feed.

"And it has been a good thing for George. Why, a couple of years after we made the new arrangement he was able to buy six acres and the house from me! We had a long argument about it. It was another experiment, and I wasn't quite sure I wanted to try it. But my tenant pointed out that we needed each other; that I had the land and he had the labor; and that if I sold him six acres off the end of the place I'd never miss it, but that it would insure his being there to work for me as long as I needed him. Finally, I said: 'George, I'll sell it to you; but I'm going to make you pay me a good price. You can have it for $600.

"He said that would suit him if I would require only $300 down, and let him pay the rest in the fall. And he really did have $300 deposited in the bank right then. That was the first time in my life that I ever sold anything to a Negro in the spring and did not have to wait until fall for all my money.

"And I've promised," Mr. Lloyd continued, "to sell him twenty acres more when he wants it.

"A year or two ago my own son decided that he wanted to devote himself to farming. So I offered to let him have this farm, provided he would not upset the arrangement with George.

" 'Why should I want to change that?' my son asked me. 'It's to my own interest to keep him and his family as contented as they are now.' "

The experiment has been a success. But why? A correct answer must take account of several factors. Among these are the simplicity and liberality of the

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contract between landlord and tenant, the high prices obtaining for dairy products at the outset, the customs of the community, the nature of the land, and the personality of the two men.

The share system of cotton farming furnished the model for the contract between owner and tenant. Under this system the tenant provides the labor and gets one-half the gross returns, the landlord provides all the working capital and gets the other half of the returns. But certain obvious modifications were made. The tenant agreed to pay one-half the bill for all grain and concentrated feeds that might be purchased and to raise all hay and other roughage. The landlord agreed, on the other hand, to pay half the market price for all grain and other concentrates, such as cottonseed meal, produced on the place.

Not only is the contract very simple and in keeping with a familiar method of determining the respective shares of laborer and capitalist; but it is a liberal system—liberal, that is, for labor. For, honestly administered on good land, it means good pay even for the cotton farmer, although in that system one family rarely cares for more than twenty or twenty-five acres of cotton and corn.

In actual practice George Askew and his family have averaged seven bales of cotton a year. This average, be it noted, is distinctly above that of other cotton farmers in the neighborhood. And, in addition, the dairy has produced a surplus each year that would not otherwise have been secured.

Not only did the community habit make it easy to work out a lease good for both parties, but it had already created a market for dairy products. Even before the advent of the boll weevil, farm wives had been making butter and shipping it to Mobile, Birmingham, and other near-by centers of population. Indeed, when the boll weevil came many a white cotton farmer in this section had been saved from bankruptcy by his wife's cows. In some instances what had been the source of a woman's pin money expanded into the chief reliance for cash income from the entire farm.

The nature of the land itself had much to do with the whole matter. It is rolling country on the edge of the Mississippi prairies, adapted, much of it, to alfalfa, that finest of legumes both for grazing and hay. But long before alfalfa was grown there an "act of God" as beneficent as the boll weevil in breaking the strangle-hold of cotton as the one money crop had taken place. This was the coming of the Johnson grass. Abundant yields of excellent hay are made of it. But, once it is established, the farm or community is never again rid of it. By force of habit the cotton farmer, be he white or Negro, looks on Johnson grass, therefore, as a pestiferous weed. True, you can make money with it, but it does upset dearly loved habits of living, of working, and of taking one's leisure. And hay-making is hot work, detested by many laborers. Good farmers are able to raise cotton in a rotation of hay and pasture with Johnson grass; but if you are wedded to cotton as the one cash crop it spells disaster when the grass takes the fields. Perhaps that is why dairying as a housewife's side-line was already established to some extent, even before the coming of the boll weevil. And doubtless it played its part in revealing to George Askew a way of keeping his boy profitably employed on the home farm.

Johnson grass, the boll weevil, the lay of the land, the customs of the community, the liberality of an easily understood contract between landlord and tenant—all played important parts in the success of the enterprise.

And yet the chief explanation for that success is to be found, I think, in the character, the intelligence, and the dispositions of the two men.

What the son of E. R. Lloyd has to say about his father is illuminating. "He can get more out of a Negro without raising his voice than any one else I know."

A big, unhasting, persistent man with a friendly smile and a gift for seeing the humor in the midst of perplexities; a man who takes pleasure in seeing others prosper. That is Lloyd. Years ago, when as a callow student I was attending the Agricultural College of Mississippi, I was advised by General Lee, the former President of the institution, to take this man as my chief guide. "For he knows more agriculture," declared the General, "than all the rest of them put together." Later on, because of this combination of knowledge of farming and of appreciation of folks, Lloyd succeeded in building up a strong system of farm demonstrators in Mississippi. His record there as Director of the States Relations Service was largely responsible for his being chosen some five years ago to take charge of the Memphis Farm Development Bureau. Again in this position his knowledge plus his personality have enabled him to render admirable service in adjusting misunderstandings and in promoting better team-work between local business men and their rural neighbors.

No wonder, then, that this combination of qualities has also helped to make him an ideal landlord.

George Askew is no less unusual, although less conspicuously placed. He, too, understands folks. When I commented on the fact that he was in overalls while his children had on their Sunday best, he smilingly replied, "Good clothes to wear to meeting help to keep the boys and girls happy on the farm." And when I spoke of the fine pure-bred Plymouth Rocks that I saw about me, and asked if he preferred them to Rhode Island Reds, his eye twinkled as he answered: "My neighbors have the Reds. It don't do for every one to have the same breed."

"But don't your boys and girls get mighty tired," I asked, "of milking cows three hundred and sixty-five days in the year?"

"When one gets tired, I let him have a little trip, an' I takes his place on the milk-stool."

"Well, then, how about yourself? Don't you get mighty tired of sticking at it day in, day out? When you were raising cotton and corn and nothing else, you had a lot of time for rest."

"Oh, I takes my vacation ev'y yeah. You see, I has a brother living in St. Louis, and in the fall I spends two weeks visitin' him. That's my lay-off. After that I'm ready to stay home an' work."

Not only has this tenant a shrewd understanding of human nature, but he is dependable as a man, as well as a steady worker and a good farmer.

Exceptional circumstances have given unusual men a chance to make this combination of cotton and cows a success. Can others make it go? Already others have imitated them, but only to fail. It should be noted, however, that these imitators undertook their ventures when prices were falling until they finally dropped below normal. Inevitably, the returns have been small at the time when the investment of new capital had to be heaviest. But because the boll weevil and the Johnson grass seem to have come to stay and because labor is growing more and more scarce, it would appear certain that throughout this prairie region farmers will sooner or later be forced to adopt as the community custom some combination of cows and cotton and feed and hay that will provide profitable employment interspersed with vacations, and thus make farm life attractive to the laborer.

And by imitation of George Askew's shrewd methods with youth, of the mixture of cash for their labor with vacations when they get restless, and with finery for personal adornment, plus imitation of his example of steady, cheerful labor, the young—whether they be white or Negro—can in many cases be taught to prefer the farm either to the small town of the South or the city of the North.

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The Book Table

Children's Holiday Books

By Sidonie Matzner Gruenberg

[The reader seeking for holiday gifts for children should see also Mr. M. J. Moses's article "Royal Books for Children," in The Outlook for November 14. The present list supplements that and includes no titles treated in Mr. Moses's article. —The Editors.]

NATURE AND SCIENCE

The Boy Astronomer. By A. Frederick Collins. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. $1.50.

A book that boys will like because it suggests many things to do and make. Connects the ancient myths that give the stars and constellations their names with considerable authoritative and modern information in a readable and interesting manner; well illustrated with outline drawings and diagrams. 10–14.

The Burgess Flower Book for Children. By Thornton W. Burgess. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $3.

Beautifully illustrated companion volume to "The Burgess Bird Book" and "The Burgess Animal Book." All ages.

Everyday Mysteries. By Charles Greeley Abbott. Macmillan Co., New York, $2.

Delightfully informal, yet as interesting as a story, and as orderly in its thinking as a systematic treatise. The first of a very promising series of authoritative popular science books—"The Young People's Shelf of Science," edited by Dr. E. E. Slosson. Illustrated. 12 and over.

Masters of Science and Invention. By Floyd L. Darrow. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.

A series of biographical sketches, from Galileo to Einstein. The narrative is fluent and colorful. Illustrated with portraits. 12–14 and over.

Nature Secrets. By Mary D. Chambers. Illustrated. Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. $1.25.

Maintains the fairy-land interest of children regarding the mystery in all familiar phenomena, without sacrificing scientific accuracy and clear thinking. 10–12.

TWO BIBLE BOOKS

The Illustrated Bible Story Book. Stories Retold by Seymour Loveland. With Pictures by Milo Winter. 10 x 12 inches. Rand, McNally & Co., New York. $2.

Some thirty-odd stories and episodes from the Old Testament, made very real to the modern child, and reinforced with suitable colored pictures, many full page. 6–8.

The Story of the Bible. By Hendrik Van Loon. With Many Black-and-White Drawings and 16 Full-Page Plates, Some in Color, by the Author. Boni & Liveright, New York. $5.

This book is not to take the place of the Bible, but to stimulate interest in its study. Contains a well-selected and classified guide to further readings on the Bible, Church history, biography, geography, the holidays, etc. 12 years and over.

FOR THE NURSERY AND YOUNGER READERS

A Apple Pie. By Kate Greenaway. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. $1.25.

The same pictures that delighted two generations. Nursery.

Doctor Dolittle's Post Office. By Hugh Lofting. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. $2.50.

Dr. Dolittle and his intimates of the Story and the Voyages extend their adventures by establishing a postal service for animals. Those who were spellbound by the earlier books will eagerly follow the new escapades, which will bring the Doctor many new friends. 5–10.

Charlie and His Puppy Bingo. By Helen Hill and Violet Maxwell. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.25.

Moves quickly and happily through situations that little folks can appreciate. Nursery age.

Fairy Prince and Other Stories. By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

Amusing and charming. 10–12.

Fun in the Radio World. Colored Pictures by E. Boyd Smith. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. $2.50.

Follows the radio sounds from farmyard to a ranch, to an Indian settlement, etc., and shows with humorous illustrations the effects they produced. 6–8.

Little Lucia. By Mabel L. Robinson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50.

An ingenious animal story book for small children.

Merrimeg. By William Bowen. The Macmillan Co., New York. $2.

Full of fun; charmingly told tales. Girls, 6–8.

More Tuck-Me-In Stories. By Enos B. Comstock. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $1.50.

Vividly written little stories for nursery age.

The Pied Piper in Pudding Lane. By Sarah Addington. The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. $2.

Would appeal to children who love the nursery-rhyme characters.

Old, Old Tales Retold. Eight Best-Beloved Folk Stories for Children. Illustrated by Frederick Richardson. P. F. Volland Co., Chicago. $3.50.

Gift book of unusual beauty, containing "The Three Bears," "The Little Red Hen," and other childhood classics. Illustrations imaginative and full of action; artistically executed, in colors. Nursery age.

NEW EDITIONS

Japanese Fairy Tales. By William Elliot Griffis. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York. $1.60.

New, enlarged edition of these excellent tales, which first appeared in 1908. 8–10.

Lives of Girls Who Became Famous. By Sarah K. Bolton. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York. $2.

This favorite of a past generation (first issued in 1886) now appears with nine additional biographies of more modern women of achievement—Jane Addams, Helen Keller, etc. Girls, 10–14.

Robin Hood and His Merry Outlaws. By T. Mather McSpadden. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York. $2.50.

New edition with some new material; illustrated in colors. 9–12.

The Three Musketeers. By Alexandre Dumas. Illustrated in Colors by Milo Winter. (The Windermere Series.) Rand, McNally & Co., New York. $1.75.

A new translation by Philip Allen; a very attractive book. From 10 years up.

FOLK TALES

The Soldier and Death. By Arthur Ransom. B. W. Huebsch, New York. 75c.

Interesting Russian folk-tale. Over 14.

Stories from the Early World. By R. M. Fleming. With Full-Page Illustrations from Photographs and Colored Frontispiece. Thomas Seltzer, New York. $2.50.

An excellent collection of 36 authentic folk-tales and myths of 24 different peoples of ancient times, retold with spirit. Contains list of references for students and advanced readers. A very attractive book, suitable for all ages from ten years up.

Stories of the Vikings. By Maurice Dunlap. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. $1.75.

Full of the spirit of the age and the people. 10–14.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, ETC.

The Conquered. By Naomi Mitchin. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.25.

A historical novel of the period of Cæsar's conquest of Gaul, from the point of view of the conquered. 14 and over.

Heroes of the Farthest North and Farthest South. By J. Kennedy MacLean. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York. $1.75.

Revised and greatly enlarged edition of these thrilling stories of adventure and achievement. 10–14.

Seeing the Eastern States.
Seeing the Middle West. By John T. Faris. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. $5 each.

In these days of adolescent hikers, these books would appeal to many who have visited or who plan to visit the different parts of the country. Descriptive, with bits of historic notes; well done. Over 14.

A Traveller's Letters to Boys and Girls. By Caroline M. Hewins. Macmillan Co., New York. $2.25.

Brings pictures of far-away lands and the adventures of travel. 10–14.

We and Our History. By Albert Bushnell Hart. The American Viewpoint Society, New York. $1.50.

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MISCELLANEOUS

The Children's Book of Celebrated Sculpture. By Lorinda M. Bryant. The Century Co., New York. $2.50.

The short story in connection with each picture of a masterpiece of sculpture ought to help in getting the child interested. 9–14.

Home Made Games. A. Neely Hall. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. $2.50.

An excellent guide-book, full of ingenious suggestions and detailed directions. 8–12.

Working Through Lincoln High. By Joseph Gollomb. Macmillan Co., New York. $1.75.

Moves quickly; interestingly written. In better style than most preadolescent thrillers. Boys, 12–14.

Another Strange Victorian

By Edmund Lester Pearson

We have the epochs and ages all ticketed. The Victorian era was that in which propriety was an idol, divorces were disapproved, and gayety was under a cloud of suspicion. People covered the bare legs of their pianos, sat upon hair-cloth furniture, looked at paintings only if they were by Sir Edwin Landseer, and read Tennyson, or preferably Mrs. Hemans. All that you need do is to squint, and you can really get some such view as this. To some of the writers for the "intellectual" weeklies and to many of their readers this is what Victorianism means. You think, among the statesmen, only of the austere Gladstone, and neglect the gallant Melbourne and the cynical Disraeli. You dwell upon Tennyson and Arnold, and ignore Swinburne, Rossetti, and Wilde. For the writers of this country you must talk chiefly of Longfellow and Whittier, but never mention Hawthorne, Poe, nor Walt Whitman. You can then work yourself into a fury about Puritanism and gradually concentrate all your scorn upon the figure of Queen Victoria.

There was a young man who developed a theory about the relation of white beards to art. He had made the discovery that all the New England poets—or nearly all—had white beards, and it struck him that there was something about a white beard that prevented freedom in thought and in verse form; it was the badge of formalism, of prudery. No unfettered artist could exist behind a white beard. If he had had a battle-cry, it would have been: Hurrah for the Revolution, and down with white beards! He was having some success with this notion—at least it was one of those smart bits of irony which pass for thought with the *intelligentsia*—when he happened to see a portrait of Walt Whitman. After that he allowed the theory to die, and took to deriding the use of rhyme in poetry, joining the company of John Milton, the *vers librists*, and the other old classicists; and to writing prose without any punctuation marks, like that

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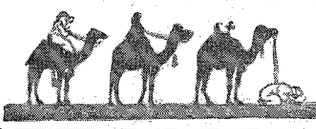
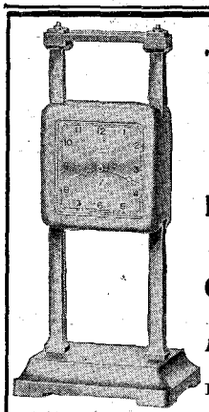
The Outlook's Christmas Gift Guide

Department stores have grown by leaps and bounds because people have found it a convenience to do their shopping, Christmas and otherwise, under a single roof. That is why we are grouping together a suggestive list of advertisements of objects useful to those whose duty and pleasure it is to trim Christmas trees and fill the cavities in yawning stockings.





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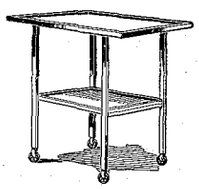

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ultra-modernist Lord Timothy Dexter, who died in 1806.

There has been discovered another strange Victorian, Sir William Hardman, whose letters, fortunately for those who enjoy an entertaining book, have been published as "A Mid-Victorian Pepys."[1] Hardman was between thirty and forty when these letters were written; they are dated from 1859 to 1863, and it is hinted that another volume of them may appear. He was a barrister, living in London, but with no need to do otherwise than go to his club, dine with his friends, amuse himself with the gossip of the day, and get into fine purple rages about the Radicals and the Yankees. (He loved Americans with that same fervor which was Dr. Johnson's.) But he was an industrious letter-writer, and kept his friend Edward Holroyd, in Australia, informed about everything. And these are the letters to Holroyd, explained and expanded, when they are too brief, by interpolations by the editor, Mr. Ellis, the biographer of George Meredith. And these interpolations are often more interesting than the letters themselves. Hardman died in 1890, having been knighted for long, unpaid public service as Chairman of Quarter Sessions. He was far less idle in his later days, and for the last eighteen years of his life was editor of the high Tory "Morning Post."

The editor, Mr. Ellis, compares him with Pepys because both were from Cambridge University, both loved books, music, the singing of songs, entertaining friends, and going to the play. Both were devoted Londoners, and each of them drew a clear picture of himself in his letters. The resemblance cannot be

[1] A Mid-Victorian Pepys: The Letters and Memoirs of Sir William Hardman, M.A., F.R.G.S. Annotated and Edited by S. M. Ellis. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $7.50.

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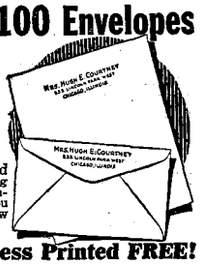

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pushed farther than that, however, for, while Hardman was fond of racy gossip about the celebrities and notorieties of London, he is more discreet about himself—as discreet as Samuel Pepys would have been if he had known that his cipher was to be read and his diary published. Nor can I think that Pepys was capable of such bitterness as Hardman displayed; the latter was as pontifical as Dr. Johnson in announcing his opinions. His friend George Meredith drew him as Blackburn Tuckham in "Beauchamp's Career," and he seems too asertive to resemble Pepys. But, at all events, he was not a typical Mid-Victorian, as we usually understand that term, and assuredly not a prude.

He records the tour of the Prince of Wales (Edward VII) in America, and thinks that the spectacle of a model English gentleman may do something to redeem the United States from its condition of sin. But a little later he records and credits the newspaper report of some rudeness to the Prince, and says: "Take my word for it, sir, the Yankees are a damned lot, and republican institutions are all rot. Amen." Then he softens toward them for a moment when he hears of the service before the Prince in Trinity Church, only to end, in mentioning some battle of the Civil War, in the belief that the world was the gainer every time a Yankee bit the dust.

He merely refers to the Road murder, but the editor gives an interesting account of the case, with a charming portrait of its chief figure, Constance Kent, one of the most extraordinary murderesses of all time. There are allusions to the Prince Consort, and descriptions from life of Meredith, Swinburne, and Rossetti. There is a delightful account of a walking tour with Meredith, and a good deal of interesting information about taverns, sport, the prize-ring, and the theaters of London. A piquant reference to a personage called "Skittles" is followed by a more extensive biography of this lady, whose adventures have certainly not been too much described in other memoirs of the period. The book, as I said at the beginning, does owe a great deal to the additions and annotations of its editor, although in the note to one of Hardman's best anecdotes Mr. Ellis either became extremely innocent or else he trifles with his readers in order, rather unnecessarily, to protect them. The letters were thoroughly well worth publishing; they depict a London at once jolly, coarse, and hearty, something like the earlier London of Pickwick. Another volume of them may possibly be even more amusing. But

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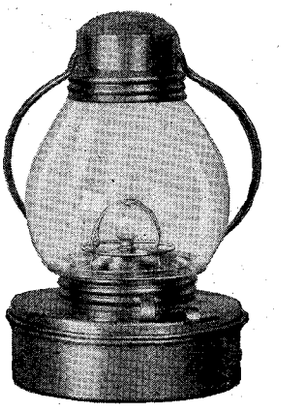

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The New Books

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

EARLY AMERICAN PORTRAIT DRAUGHTSME IN CRAYONS. By Theodore Bolton. Illustrated. Frederic Fairchild Sherman, Ne York. $10.25.

The early days of American portrai ture as represented by artists who worke in crayon and pastel are here brought t the attention of students and art lovers The artists are enumerated and judi ciously characterized in brief biographies and many attractive illustrations o their work are given, which make on regret the decline of this form of por traiture.

BIOGRAPHY

MEMORIES OF THE RUSSIAN COURT. B Anna Viroubova. Illustrated. The Macmil lan Company, New York. $3.50.

The author of these intimate recollec tions of the last Czar and Czarina o Russia and their tragically destroye family had unequaled opportunities fo knowing their domestic and personal life She was a lady-in-waiting to the Czarina sympathized with her for a time at leas in the strange belief in Rasputin, was prophet and healer, and was hersel subjected to the torrent of abuse an calumny that followed the fall of th Imperial family. Up to the time of th Czar's abdication, and even later, Ma dame Viroubova had close relations wit the Czarina and her children. Her pic ture of the family and Court life i colored with her love and admiration tempered with mild admissions as t some defects of judgment and tempera ment. She utterly denies the charges o any immoral or even superstitious rela tions between the Czarina and Rasputin Apart from any new information con tained in the book, it is striking becaus of the directness and conviction of th author's impressions. It will not pleas extreme radicals in Russia. Its stand point is that of the old régime; in fact, it is more limited—that is, to a defens and eulogy of Nicholas II and his family. Madame Viroubova herself suffered im prisonment and trial, and her adventures in escaping and after escape inspire pity and have the thrill of danger. The pho tographs in the book show the Imperial family in familiar groups and attitudes, and many of them are from the author's own snap-shots.

What could be more pitiful than this extract from one of the Czarina's letters

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to the author, written when the Imperial family was in Siberian exile and near to the time of the brutal destruction of the whole family:

It is very cold. We shiver in the room, and we all have chilblains on our fingers. . . I have lessons with the children, as they don't allow the priest to come to us. Even during services officers, commandant, and commissar stand near by to prevent any conversation between us. I am knitting stockings for the small one (Alexei). He asked for a pair, as all his are in holes. I make everything now. Father's trousers are torn and darned. The girls' underlinen in rags. I have grown quite gray. All things for us are in the past, and what the future holds I cannot guess, but God knows, and I have given everything into His keeping.

STRENUOUS AMERICANS. By R. F. Dibble. Illustrated. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.

The association of the names of Jesse James and Brigham Young with those of Admiral Dewey and Frances Willard in a book of biographical sketches may attract a certain class of readers, but it also stamps the book with the suggestion of sensationalism. The material presented in this volume, while it includes much interesting and little-known data that evidence the author's industry, bears out the suggestion. Discriminating readers, however, will find entertainment in the somewhat diffuse details of the lives of the Americans here written about.

MISCELLANEOUS

LITTLE PLAYS FOR ALL OCCASIONS. By Granville Forbes Sturgis. The Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston. $3.

The object of this collection of plays is to interest the general reader and to offer material for those who wish to obtain short and easily acted plays for amateur occasions. Mr. Sturgis has written other plays and is the author of "The Influence of the Drama" and "The Psychology of Maeterlinck."

ART OF CROSS-EXAMINATION (THE). By Francis L. Wellman. New Edition. Revised and Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.

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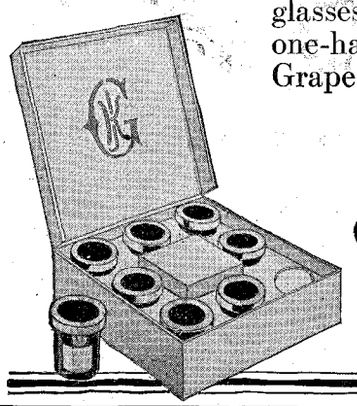

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A Communication from Archy

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[Archy is one of the best-known writers in New York literary circles. He is a patron of Don Marquis, or rather of Don Marquis's typewriter. As his physical limitations make it impossible for him to hold down two keys at a time, he has to write without capitalization or punctuation. He jumps on the keys, we believe, as any other cockroach would have to do. Few other writers expend such energy with such good effect. His communications are printed in Don Marquis's column in the New York "Tribune." No other cockroach that we know of has such command of English, and such a power of satire. Sometimes it is not easy to tell what in his writings is satirical and what is not. We print this communication by the courteous permission of the New York "Tribune."—THE EDITORS.]

paris october
eleventh at home i
used to see a lot of eloquent
appeals in the papers
from gentlemen and ladies
with noble and philanthropic

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hearts the burden
of which was that it was up
to america quotation marks
to save europe end quotes
i have talked
with a number of insects
here in paris
from all over europe
and they all admit
they would like
to have their countries
saved by america but the
trouble seems to be
that each one wants his country
saved at the expense
of somebody else
apostrophe s country
gaston le cafard
my friend from the quai
d apostrophe orsay
points out to me however
that france does not want anybody
to save her she has
buckled down and worked
like hades for several years
now and has raised everything her
people want to eat
and has saved herself
our army says gaston
is for the purpose of
keeping ourselves saved
gaston assures me privately
that in his opinion france
will likely save the slice of germany
she now occupies until
germany saves herself
by saving enough money
to do something in the way
of reparations
an italian cockroach informed
me that in his estimation
it would be very nice
if america saved europe
but in the meantime
he thought it likely that
italy would save all she could
get away from greece
in the way of lire
and that it was still an open
question whether greece
or italy would save corfu
you see the spirit that prevails
on this continent
they all want to save each other
or as much of each other
as they can
the jugo slavs
a centipede from that
region tells me
would like to save an outlet
from the adriatic sea
but they fear that
mussolini intends sooner or later
to save the adriatic
in the name of italy
there is always the chance

(Continued on following page)

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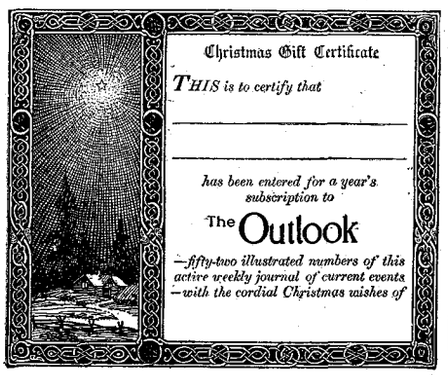
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A Communication from Archy

(Continued)

for a good deal of salvage
in those regions
it is my own opinion
that the european nations
are so chronically eager
to save one another
that it is almost an impertinence
on the part of america
to butt into the situation
and do any saving
the english i am informed
are very low
in their minds as to the
possibility of saving
british trade and industry and
so forth but it will probably
be discovered later
that they have saved
a good deal in one way
or the other
a water bug from london
is my authority
for the statement that
the british usually emerge
from a period
of terrible dejection
with something valuable
in their hands
and are never afterwards able
to explain just how it got there
they were thinking
what an awful hole
the empire was in
and when they woke up
they discovered that while
they were brooding in despair
somehow or other
they had annexed
some more territory
or acquired some valuable
concessions
or negotiated
some advantageous treaties
or something
and always without
any deliberate intention
on their part
they function instinctively

archy

DON MARQUIS.

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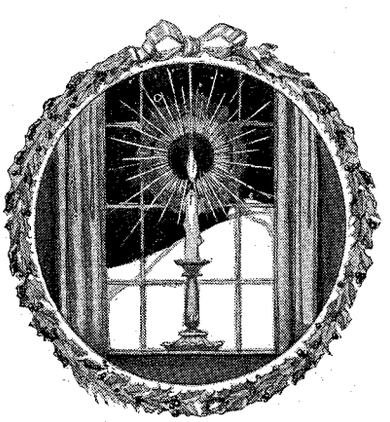

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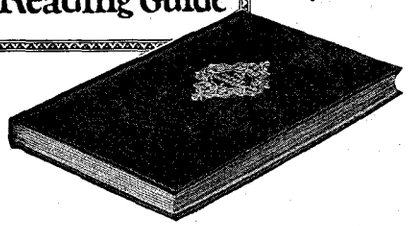
Dr. Lyman Abbott



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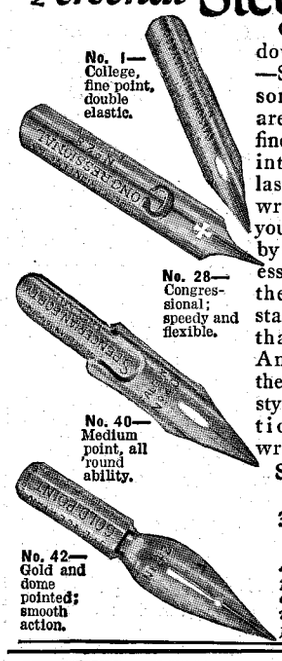
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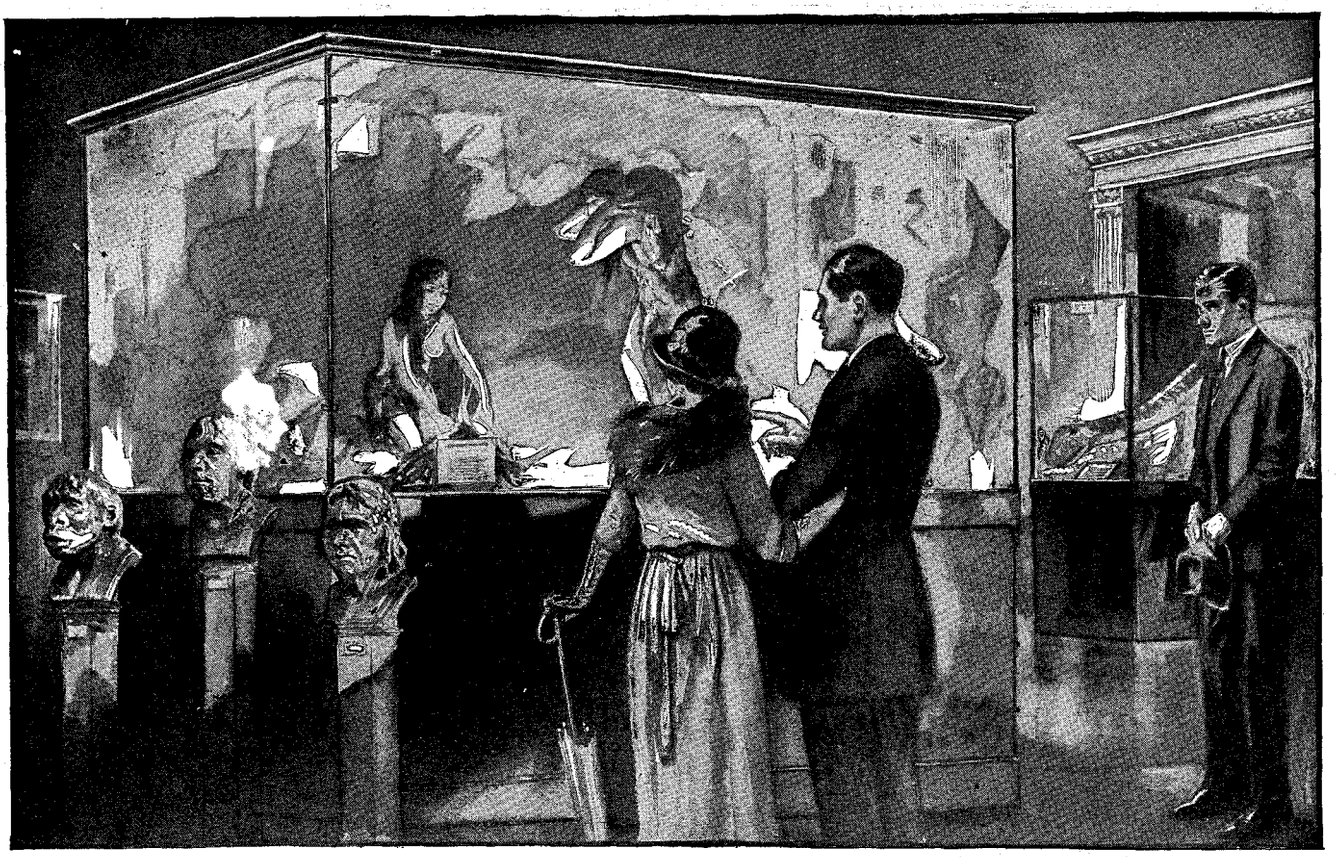

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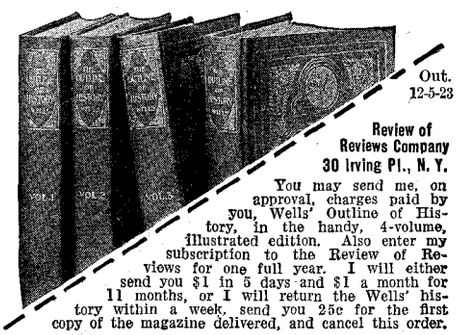

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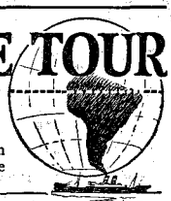

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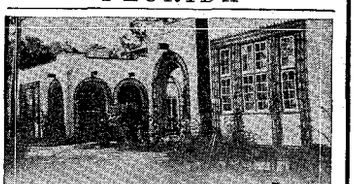

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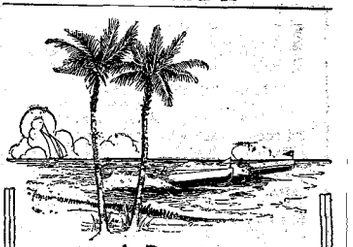

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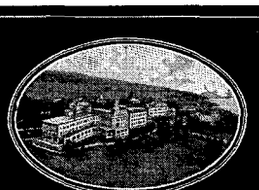

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LADY over thirty desires position as companion or housekeeper. Protestant. 4,513, Outlook.

EDUCATED young woman, agreeable companion, very efficient, understands sickness, WOULD assume charge of motherless children, manage household, or travel. 4,508, Outlook.

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WANTED, position of trust, housemother in girls' school preferred, by gentlewoman now matron of home for aged. Highest references. Previous experience as housemother. Age 40 years. 4,502, Outlook.

WANTED, by refined Protestant woman of executive ability, position in institution as chaperon, matron, nurse, dietitian. 4,514 Outlook.

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EXPERIENCED teaching governess desires resident position. College education. 4,511, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

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COLORPHOTOGRAPHY clearly explained, 10c. 4,503, Outlook.

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By the Way

"It is a very old saying that 'the outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man,'" remarks General W. H. Carter in the "National Geographic Magazine." "Those who have been advised to pause in their business careers and take up horseback exercise may well begin by learning the art of riding a gaited saddle horse, and then begin to live all over again. If it does not make them better and more useful citizens, it will at least make them more contented with life and less critical of the small faults of their families."

One of the fascinations of the big city is the old-book table that one finds on fine days on the sidewalk in front of the second-hand book shop. Few passers-by can resist the temptation to thumb over the odds and ends thus displayed. Here is an extract from a little volume found on such a table. It is entitled "Iowa As It Is;" it was published in 1855, and intended as a guide to immigrants:

> One species of coin is not current in this State; we allude to the cent and half-cent, while even the three-cent piece is barely tolerated, and is seldom seen except in church plates and at the post office.

This book contains a colored map which shows many counties in Iowa at that time to have been entirely without towns or any white inhabitants.

Another book of more than passing interest—this was found on the dishonored five-cent table—is Richard Henry Dana's "To Cuba and Back," published in 1859, some years after his famous "Two Years Before the Mast" appeared. This passage on one of the opening page arrests the attention:

> It is hard to leave the deck for the small stateroom and its sleeping-shelf. But there must be sleep for infirm human nature—a nature that has even less self-sustaining power than a locomotive engine, and must not only be supplied with fuel and water at every stopping-place, but must lie by, in a dark corner, in absolute repose and mere oblivion, for one quarter of its time, or it will wear out in a few days.

From "Confidence:"

Little Rastus—"Say, pop, what am a millennium?"

Big Rastus—"Doan yeh know wha am a millennium, chile? Why, it's je about de same as a centennial, only it' got mo' legs."

Lord Curzon is a fine after-dinne speaker, according to the editor of th London "Sphere." At a recent dinne Lord Curzon alluded to the "under graduates' gibes" that made him famou The "Sphere" quotes them, as follows:

> My name is George Nathaniel Curzon,
> I am a most superior person.
> My cheeks are pink, my hair is sleek,
> I dine at Blenheim once a week.
>
> A young fellow went to the Taj,
> His name was Nathaniel Garge;
> When they asked, "Would that do
> As a tomb, say, for you?"
> He said, "Mine must be ten times as large."

"Concerning your paragraph abou poor memories," a subscriber writes, " will add this anecdote that Lord Suffiel tells in his Reminiscences: Lord Mar Kerr could never remember names. On

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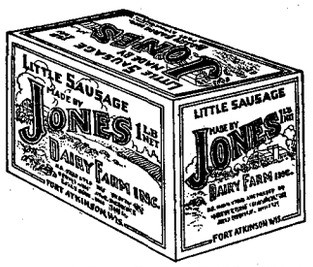

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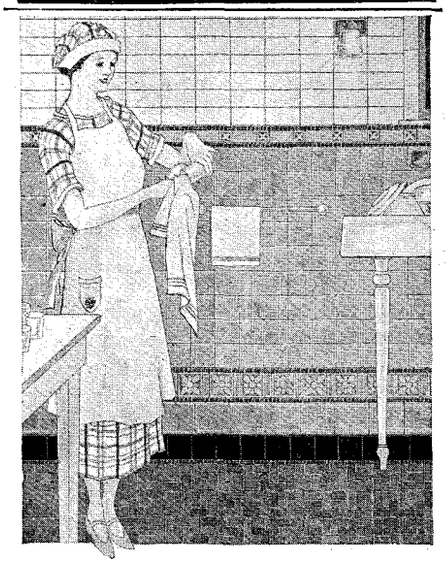

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By the Way *(Continued)*

day he met King Edward in the street His Majesty stopped and chatted with him, then took leave and was some steps away when Lord Mark called back, "I say, excuse me, but would you give me your name? I know your face perfectly, but I can't remember who you are."

One consolation to the people of poor memories who experience these social upsets is that the other fellow usually has a hearty laugh over the incident. Imagine King Edward's joy in relating his experience with Lord Mark at his family dinner table that day!

The strange creatures of the Jabberwock family that haunt the American wilderness are grouped by a contributor to the "Argonaut" as follows: The gallopping Galliwompus; the Gyasticutus Giganticus; the irreversible Raccabor of the Siskiyous; the Abecedarian Hind behind; the death-dealing Dingball; and the fearsome Rickabeebo. The last named is described thus: "The screech of a full-grown male Rickabeebo from a distance of six or eight rods will make a Saranac skiff shiver and rock like a Japanese bungalow during an earthquake." To the above should be added the harmless Side-hill Gauger of the Yellowstone, which is said to have two short legs on one side of its body, which enable it to maintain an upright attitude on the heights it inhabits.

From "Judge:"

Stranger—"Sonny, is your ma at home?"

Kid—"Do you think I'm beating this carpet fer me health?"

The uncertainty of the cotton market is illustrated, a subscriber says, by the following conversation overheard between two colored men in a Texas town:

George (displaying a roll of bills)—"See here, Sam, Ah's been on de Boah dis mornin'."

Sam—"Ah sees. But you won't have it to-morrah! You can't never tell about dis cotton market. It's liable ter go up or it's liable to go down, or it's liable to fluctuate!"

German Generals and other officers were accused of countless atrocities during the war; perhaps the following advertisement in the "Kilkenny (Ireland) People" aims at securing one of these Generals at reduced rates, now that their regular occupation is gone:

Wanted for a Business House in Kilkenny City, a good General, able to cook and understand children. State wages. Apply, E1278, People Office.

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